

The DEARBORN **INDEPENDENT**

Vol. 26 No. 17

FEBRUARY 13, 1926

\$1.50 a Year



ANOTHER ROMANTIC RASCAL—John Wilkes Before His King. (See Page 13.)

Shall Aliens Be Registered ?

Secretary of Labor Davis
Says Yes - - page 4

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



BRIEFLY TOLD



Aberdeen is the only university in Great Britain where the students wear scarlet gowns.



A number of women in New York City now have their jewels brought to them from the banks in armored cars.

A recent Sunday survey of forty churches in Washington, D. C., showed 7,000 persons present. In forty theaters on the same day 50,000 persons were found.

The United States and Russia are now the two foremost Jewish countries in the world; they contain about three-fourths of the world's Jews.

Near Alhambra, California, is a rose bush 50 years old, more than four feet in circumference at the bottom with vines 125 feet in length.

"Noise can be kept out of a room, just as well as a snow storm can," says Dr. Paul S. Heyl, chief of Bureau of Standards laboratory. "The main difference is that to keep out snow the stouter the wall the better, while to ward off noise the flimsier the wall the better."

A sprag is a piece of wood which is thrown between the spokes of a wheel on a coal-mining car to bring it to a stop on a grade, acting as a brake. Over three million feet of timber is required annually for making sprags in Pennsylvania.

The last six-master on the seven seas, the *Edward J. Lawrence*, went to her death in a crackling roar of flames while lying at anchor in Portland harbor, Maine.

Horses are barred from four of Washington's boulevards.

"Cycles and motor-driven vehicles must light their lamps 30 minutes before sunset, the exact hour of which will be fixed by the mayor." So decrees the mayor of Koege, a small town in Denmark.

About one hundred years ago the Presbyterian church council passed a resolution forbidding its clergy to appear in public when intoxicated.

There is a village in England called Tadley-God-Help-Us.

By taxing at its source, only four men are needed to administer the collection of Wisconsin's gasoline tax.

Bedsteads are uncommon in Japanese houses, as the Japanese sleep on thick padded quilts piled on soft mats which cover the floors.



Professor Polony, of Berlin University, says that some clans of Irishmen are descendants from Eskimos.

The 1925 world's hay-bailing championship was won by five men from Nebraska who bailed two tons of loose hay in a little less than seventeen minutes.

During a siege of Samaria, in early Bible times, food became so scarce that "an Ass's head sold for four score pieces of silver."

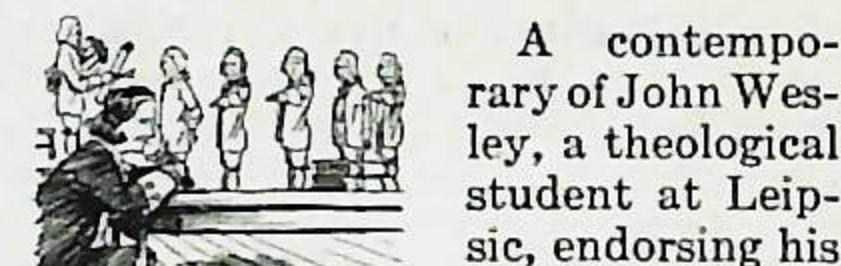


Sixty-seven out of every thousand United States soldiers had the mumps in 1918.

The sandwiches served in the railroad stations of Norway are made by laying butter, fish, meat, eggs, or cheese on a single slice of bread.

The first Negro woman to be admitted to the Virginia bar in the history of the state was L. Marian Poe, of Washington, D. C.

"Tanks" got their name from the term used to camouflage their purpose when they were in the experimental stage.



A contemporary of John Wesley, a theological student at Leipzig, endorses his view that cleanliness was next to godliness, took a bath, whereupon, because of his modernism, it is said he was refused his degree.

President Coolidge lost his coat in Chicago and was not aware of it until he read the morning's paper in Washington containing the statement that it was lost.

Six o'clock in the morning is the usual opening time for Chinese shopkeepers.

A phonograph having records of brass has been invented that can be heard 10,000 years from now.



Never make an important decision or enter into a big business deal on an empty stomach. Your mind isn't working and you'll probably get the worst of it, according to a professor of the psychological department of the University of Chicago.

At the suggestion of C. A. Dawson Scott, many noted writers of different nations have formed an international club, the first in the world. It is called the P. E. N., these letters standing for editors, essayists, novelists, poets and playwrights.

"I don't like the American girls because they wear their skirts too short and paint too much," says a real sheik from Cairo. He is Sheik Tolba Fabdalla Abdallah Kantab, who recently spent a vacation in Hollywood.

When Abraham Lincoln was offered a glass of champagne on a sea voyage as a cure for his seasickness he refused on the grounds that it made men on land seasick.

The *Carnegie*, the only ship of its kind in the world, was built for the study of the magnetism of the earth and all iron and steel is dispensed with. It is built wholly of wood as metal would affect the compass and many delicate instruments.

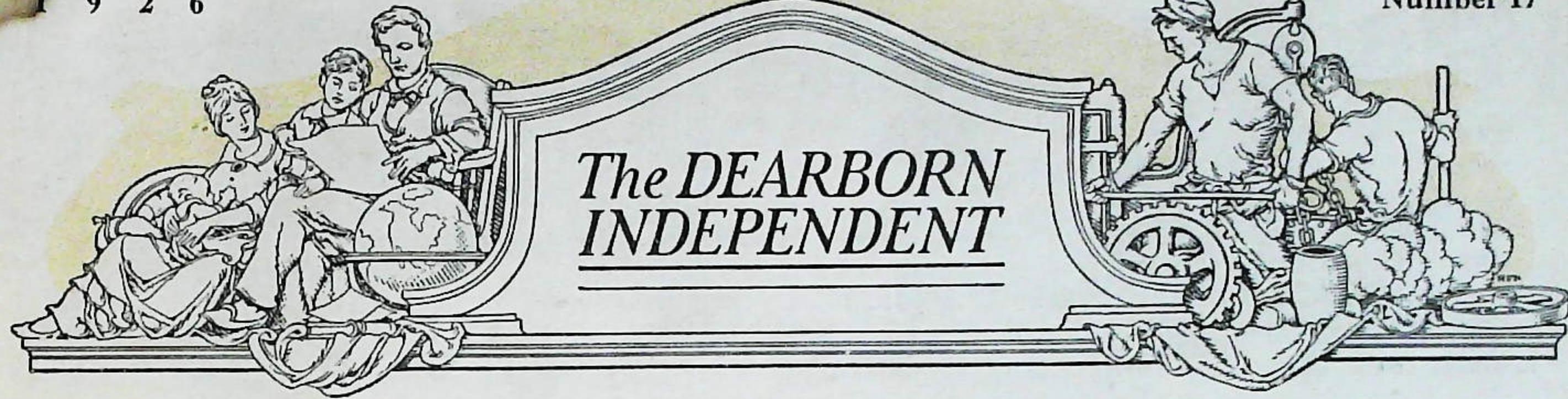
The Department of Agriculture has introduced buds of the wild peach that grows in the mountains of China. It frequently attains a height of fifty feet and is of rapid growth.

The Hoggars of the Sahara, like the other white races, have an exalted opinion of themselves though they do live mostly by banditry.

In times of prolonged drought, magistrates and barefooted women used to ascend to the Capitoline Hill outside of Rome in solemn procession.

Six o'clock in the morning is the usual opening time for Chinese shopkeepers.

February 13
1926



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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

and the dizzy "vertical trust" of Stinnes properties has passed into the hands of the money-lenders. This is the "inside" story of the collapse of the gigantic "Konzern." Stinnes refused to have anything to do with the all-powerful alien financiers of Germany. Today they have their revenge. (p. 26)

And now we have it from no less an authority than St. John Ervine, the eminent British critic—Americans speak better English than do the English! We have long been of this opinion ourselves, but it has been hard to convince those who seem to have such a bias in favor of the English "leckchahwahs" who visit these shores to chide and censure us. (p. 8)

Thomas L. Masson, the humorist, was once a dyspeptic. He dieted and fussed and became the fearful slave of his stomach. He finally seized the ogre of indigestion by the horns and floored it. He ate it to death! So he can now write "The Joys of Eating What You Like." (p. 16)

The "Reds" have carried their message of sabotage and revolt to the Philippine Islands. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT prints herewith for the first time the story of the attempt to blow up United States Army airplanes at Camp Nichols, near Manila. (p. 6)

The vast Stinnes fortune has vanished,

John Wilkes was a clever scoundrel and an adept demagogue. Homely to the point of hideousness, he yet acquired such a command of words that he was equally proficient at beguiling a woman with flattery or swaying a mob with insincere eloquence. His story forms another of Charles J. Finger's entertaining "Romantic Rascals" tales. (p. 13)

Arithmetick as taught in early America was a haphazard affair. Even then it held terror for young minds, for the manuals were "made most easy" and "very clear and brief." Professor Karpinski tells of the first arithmetical textbooks used or printed on this continent. (p. 20)

When the Sapiro leaders asked for an investigation, they did not think it would lead to themselves. But it did, in spite of their protests. What the report conveyed will be printed in this paper next week and *every tobacco farmer should read it*. Every other farmer should read it too.

There's a dance in this issue—The Varsovienne—a very pretty thing and easy to learn. It is one of the chief favorites at Dearborn. The music for it is also printed. This music will be readily recognized by those of the older folk who danced thirty years ago, and even by those of the young people who have been so fortunate as to be raised in the country. (p. 29)

Next week we swing into the old square dances. These are really the sociable musical games of our fathers. The patterns are exquisite, the deportment graceful, and the whole effect on spectator and participant very pleasant indeed.

Our regular pages always present something of interest and value. "Office Chats" express a variety of opinion. "Read in the Papers" gives glints of ideas from here and there. "Editorials" usually have something to say on the greater or lesser news topics.

John Dos Passos

An Interview With a Writer Who
Thinks the Theater an Excellent
Medium for Making the World
Kinder and More Civilized

By JANET MABIE

JOHN DOS PASSOS, product of a background which minglesthe heritage, part Portuguese, part ancient Virginia aristocracy, yet who borrows all the colors of the world in which he is a vagabond as a chameleon borrows forest colors, is a curious and poetic genius who will never see himself as anything but a writer, a soldier of fortune with inclinations to turn an honest penny by writing. He is as happy in the frequent spaces when he is without two dimes to rub together in his pocket as he is when he can and does buy ridiculous rations of caviar and plover. That he starts to write a book in New York makes it neither impossible nor unlikely that he will write the middle chapters in Persia and the last ten lines in Rhodesia. If he knows that his periods of exciting critics by his work are about collateral with and as inevitable as the summer and winter solstices he gives no sign. He is peerless at keeping himself out of reach of well-meaning interviewers; he has been seen in the flesh by fewer persons whom he suspected might afterward write anything about him—and he is very sharp in this faculty—than any other writer of contemporary times, not barring George Bernard Shaw.

To begin with he has literally no address. Actually to see him is generally the result of having learned the secret of his whereabouts from someone who ends the communication by saying, "And if he finds out I told you he will raise the roof."

John Dos Passos does not look like the author who might as well have put his head into a hive of hungry bees as to have written *Three Soldiers*. He is long and thin and a great disappointment to a person who expected to find, say, someone the type of Ezra Pound or even Harry Kemp. He is more diffident—genuinely so, however—than even children are allowed to be. He speaks in sporadic torrents of words and stares miserably in the silences between, as one who says within, "What a fix to get oneself into." He will not sit in a chair while he talks. He balances pre-

cariously on the arm of one, or on the edge of a table, and now and then does a sort of desperate dogtrot up and down the room. And all the time he talks, he clutches frantically at the linings of his trousers pockets. He may be used to talking to himself but he cannot be at all used to talking to chance-en- countered persons.

The circumstances of Dos Passos' agreeing to see your correspondent were as realistic as his writing. It was possible to get twenty minutes with him at the home of a friend in Cambridge, his temporary hiding place, in order to inform him how he could earn \$200. The \$200 was not paid him for yielding what is con-

to talk about writing plays for the modern theater. At first he said, "But I never made a speech in my life . . ." caught himself and said, so solemnly that it seemed certain he must be joking, "But I need a new suit and if I can have \$200 for speaking I can buy it and have a few dollars left over, what? Yes. I guess I'll come."

This betrays no confidence. John Dos Passos cares no more that people know he has periods when his finances are languid, than that they know of his royal flushes, fewer though they are, or that he has dark hair, and only a little of it.

He is the son of a man who, in his time, was one of the greatest corporation lawyers this country has known and who drew the largest fee, during his career, ever recorded in a legal case. John Dos Passos, then, has simply

passed beyond the golden spoon era. If he earns well, he lives, for a bit, as the world calls well. If not, why straw never made a bad bed for a man, and blue milk and biscuits of dubious freshness are still food.

He has no family ties whatever now. His father, the beautiful mother who presided so graciously over "Kintra," the estate on the fringes of Chesapeake Bay, are both gone. The money they left their only son

(Concluded on page 28)



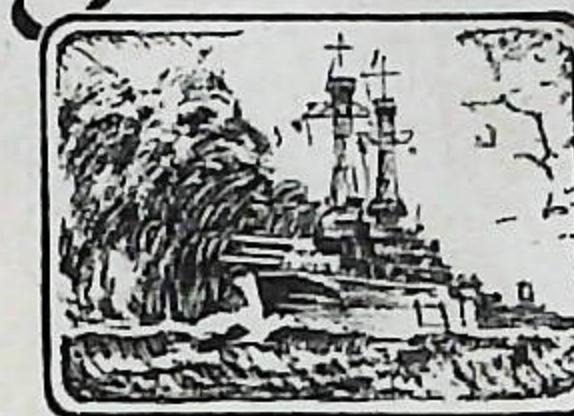
John Dos Passos, himself
(below) in character.



February 13, 1926

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint



"There is no justification for the belief that progress would be accelerated or efficiency increased by depriving the Navy of the control of its own aircraft"

By CAPTAIN W. S. PYE, U. S. N.

PART II.

the loss in value of the planes would be at least \$175,000.

When the airplanes return to the mother ship the additional weight would cause a rapid descent unless an equal weight in ballast were jettisoned. This situation is not so serious in United States airships which are fitted with special apparatus developed by the Navy to recover from the engine exhaust a weight of water equal to the weight of fuel consumed, which water could be discharged in lieu of ballast.

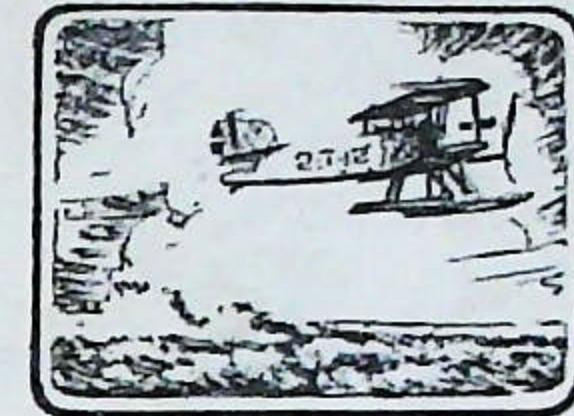
How much plausibility is there in such a statement?

It so happens that no airship of such capacity has ever been built, but basing the argument on estimated design factors, such an airship, after allowing for weight of fuel for a return flight, and for crew and essential stores, would have a remaining lifting capacity of about forty tons. A bombing plane specially designed for being carried by the mother airship would weigh when manned, fueled and armed about four tons. Possibly ten such planes might be carried. But then what?

If all of these planes were released at approximately the same time the reduction in weight would cause serious embarrassment to the airship pilot. He must at all times maintain his ship in equilibrium. For each bombing plane he releases when the airship is just full of gas, the airship will ascend about six hundred feet. If the airship were full of gas this would cause the automatic valving of about 140,000 cubic feet of precious gas which can never be recovered. The launching of ten planes would entail a loss of nearly one and one-half million cubic feet of gas.

As this gas costs \$35 a thousand cubic feet, the cost of launching the ten planes would be about \$49,000.

There is the greatest danger that the planes could not return to the mother ship because of enemy activity and the difficulty of navigation. If 50 per cent of the planes returned it would be a successful operation. As these planes would cost about \$35,000 apiece,



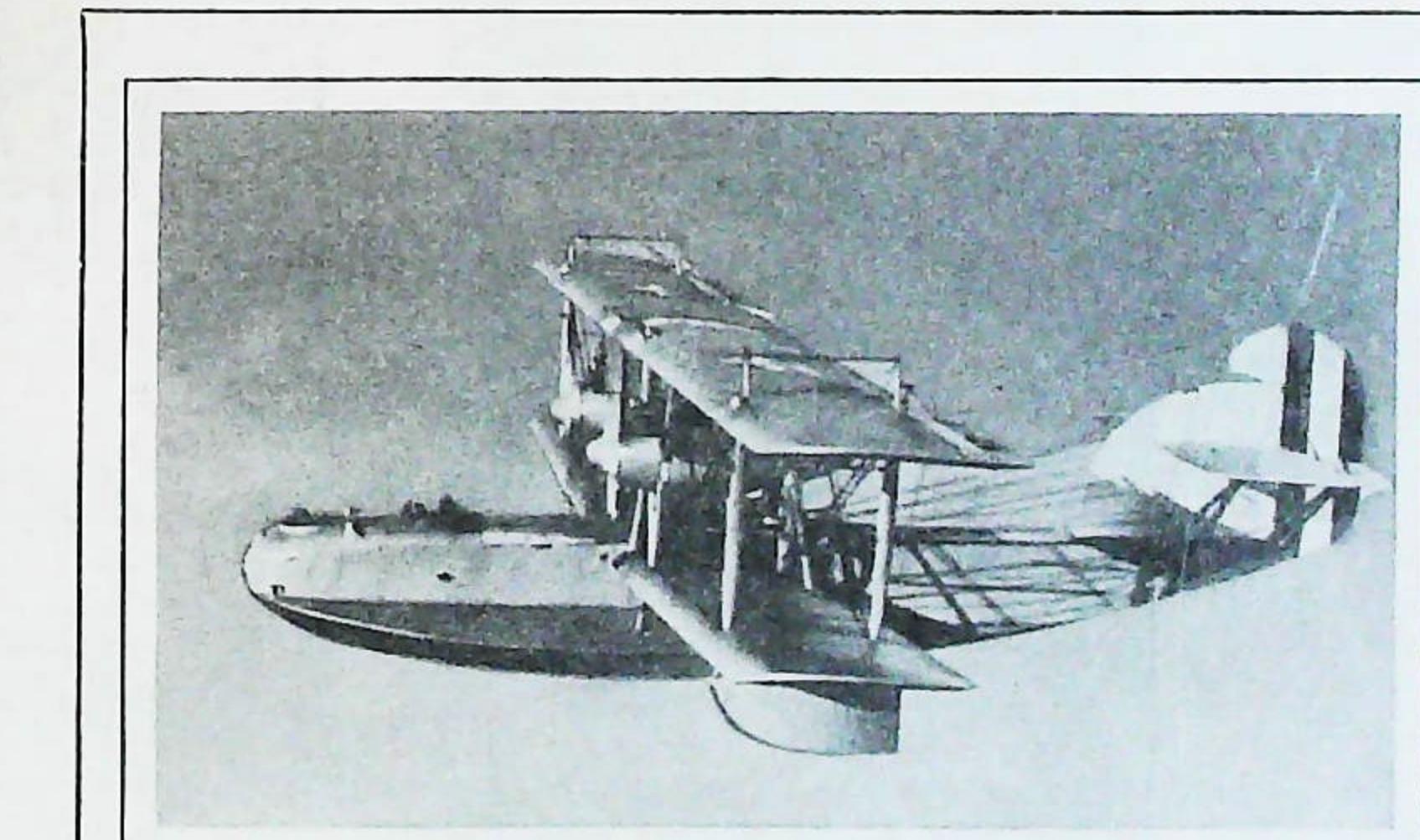
cessful bombing raid consisting of twenty one-thousand-pound bombs would be about \$225,000. If we add 50 per cent of the cost of the airship on the basis that there is an even chance of her destruction the cost is about \$3,725,000. Is this economical warfare? The whole idea is found to be so absurd, when subjected to practical analysis, as to be unworthy of serious treatment except for the purpose of showing its absurdity.

In the preceding article we referred briefly to the uses of aircraft in Naval warfare. These uses are (1) as an element of the "Service of Information"; (2) as an aid to the control of major-caliber fire; (3) as an element of defensive power to prevent; (4) as an element of offensive power.

Although the superiority in ability to gain information is recognized, the limitations of aircraft are such that complete dependence cannot be placed in them, and in modern navies battle cruisers, light cruisers, submarines, and, at times, destroyers are included in the forces required in the "Service of Information." Unfortunately, the battle cruisers which were building for the United States Navy were abandoned as a result of the limitation of naval armament treaty.

Superiority of information is invaluable in war. It insures the effectiveness of the commander's strategical and tactical plans and prevents surprise. Without information of the strength and disposition of the enemy, a commander is like a blindfolded boxer—he knows neither when nor where to strike, nor when he himself may be struck. As a consequence, this service, under ordinary conditions, will be the most important of the duties of aircraft.

The importance of information makes it imperative that the strength of the air arm of the Navy be such as to insure gaining the desired information concerning the enemy while (Continued on page 22)

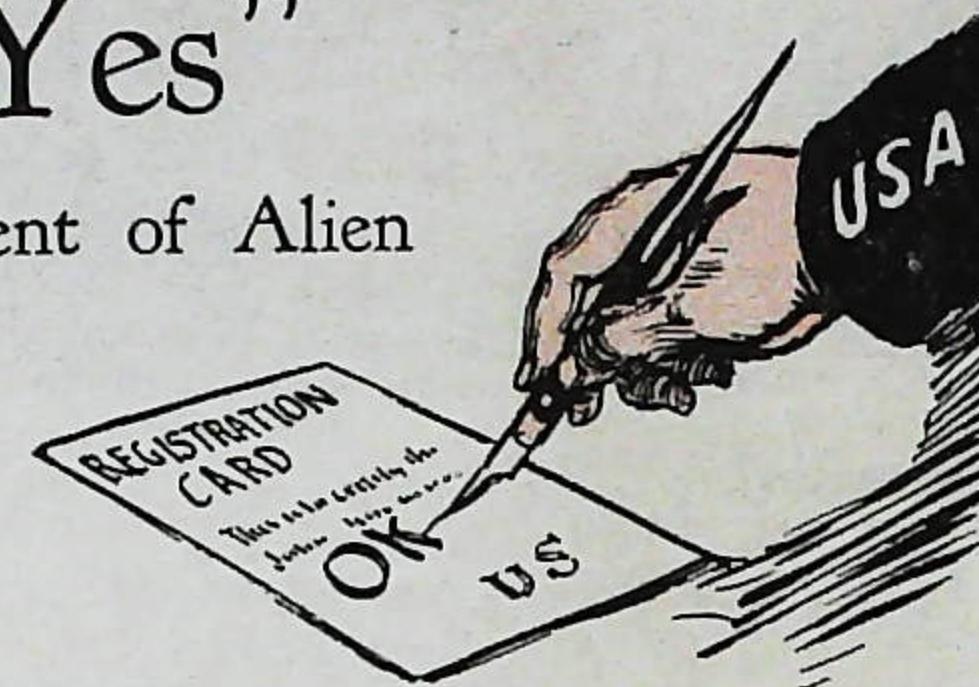
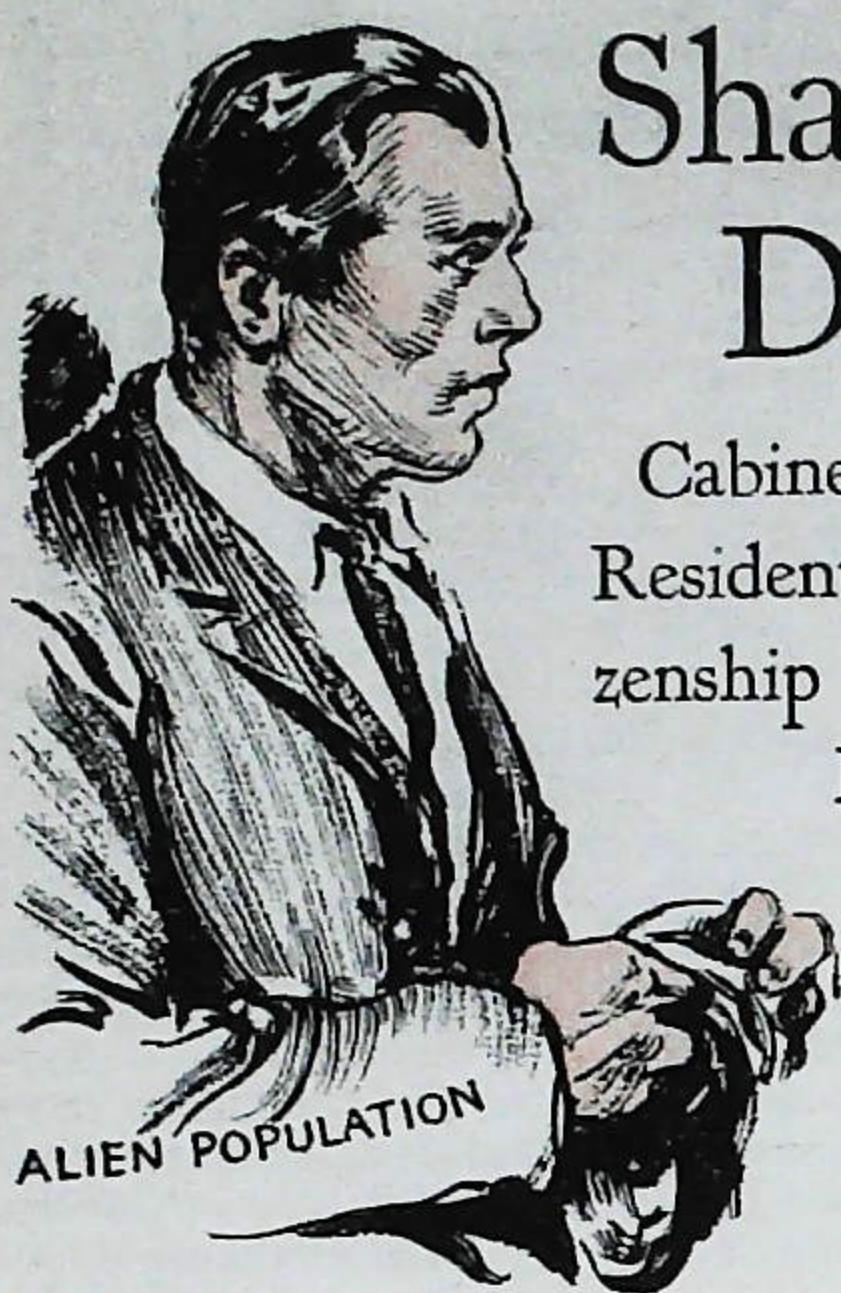


(C) Kadel and Herbert.
Naval scouting plane. The "Service of Information" at sea uses scouting planes principally, as the author describes in this article. They are large and of moderate flying speed to obtain the greatest possible radius of action.

Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes"

Cabinet Officer Proposes Enrollment of Alien Residents as Preparation for Citizenship and Safeguard Against Immigration Fraud

By JAMES J. DAVIS



WHEN the United States originally enacted a law restricting the admission of aliens, first on account of race and later according to physical qualifications, it laid the foundation for a substantial problem. Every extension of the restrictive and selective provisions of our immigration laws has placed a higher premium on illegal entry into the United States and has resulted in bringing surreptitiously into our midst a great many persons who could not have passed inspection at our immigration ports. Notwithstanding the restrictions other than numerical which have made increasingly difficult the lawful admission of certain types of immigrants to the United States, our alien population has grown to enormous proportions. Of the more than thirteen million foreign-born who were in the United States in 1920, practically all of whom had been here sufficiently long to acquire citizenship, nearly half that number were then still alien.

The first attempt at numerical restriction gave us immigrants in such number that the naturalization processes still did not keep pace with the alien residents. It was not until further restrictive measures were taken and the net permanent increase in our alien population reduced to 201,586 in the fiscal year 1925 that naturalization occurred in sufficient proportion approximately to keep the ratio of citizens and aliens at a neutral point. In making citizens of foreign-born persons, we are still drawing upon the ranks of the six and one-half million residents who were here in 1920, practically all of whom then could meet the total residence period requirement for becoming citizens.

I make that statement because those who arrived in 1921 will not be eligible for citizenship until next year and as you all know, during the war and in that period following up to 1920, there was very little immigration to the



James J. Davis, United States Secretary of Labor, believes it is to the best interests of the alien lawfully in the United States to acquire real understanding of the duties, privileges and rights of citizenship.

United States. Passenger traffic during the war was restricted to that of emergency character because of the extreme danger of transportation upon the seas. Immediately following the war the facilities of all available ships returning to the United States were engaged to bring back the two million boys we had previously sent across. The situation which confronts us today with reference to the alien within our gates, therefore, has two phases. On the one hand every extension of the selective and restrictive provisions of our immigration law has given impetus to the illegal traffic in humanity across our borders. On the other hand, as we have become more and more aware, our educational system and our naturalization processes have failed to provide adequate and suitable training for the aliens who have come to us to stay and who desire to become citizens.

A foreign-born citizen myself, and

adult alien in the United States should be expected to go before designated public authorities and enroll himself, giving his name, age, allegiance, residence, occupation and similar information together with the time and place of his arrival in the United States. Annually thereafter, so long as he remains alien, he should renew this enrollment, at the same time recording such various additional details as would indicate what in the meantime has been accomplished toward his advance in knowledge of the country and its language.

In the case of newly admitted aliens the first enrollment would occur at the time of admission. It would be, more strictly speaking, a matriculation for a course of study in a new line of experience. After allowing for reasonable delay, it can readily be appreciated that it would not be long before the Naturalization Service, under which jurisdiction this enrollment should be placed, would have identifying records concerning practically every alien in the country, together with information useful in furthering the progress of the aliens themselves.

While primarily I recommend this enrollment as a means of helping the alien to help himself to the best that America affords, the plan would perform other great and important functions. It would make known the presence of those who have gained residence through deliberate violation of law and the moral effect of this discovery of a few would act as a wholesome deterrent to those outside the United States who contemplate using one of the underground passageways as a means of entry into the country. But the operation of my proposal would not confine its results to the revealing of the presence in the United States of those illegally here. There are unquestionably a large number of aliens in the United States who technically have no right to remain. The number has been estimated as high as one and a half million. Probably the majority of them arrived prior to the first numerically restrictive immigration law and now believe that they have every right to be here, including the right to become citizens. Unfortunately for them this is not true, because the acquisition of citizenship is not alone for law-abiding residents but is restricted also to those who have been legally admitted to the country.

We all agree that persons whose very entry into the United States is in wilful

"While primarily I recommend this enrollment (or registration of all aliens) as a means of helping the alien to help himself to the best that America affords, the plan would perform other great and important functions . . . Unless some plan of enrollment is provided it will be necessary, in order to enforce the immigration laws, to have a force of officers to inquire into the legality of residence of aliens in practically all parts of the country. Such a system would be highly undesirable to all and might prove a source of embarrassment to many . . . The enrollment plan would provide the contact now lacking between the foreign-born resident and the Government. It would mean protection to the alien from the wiles and schemes of the nationals of his own country and those born here, who, as we all know, frequently bleed the foreign-born at every turn."

violation of law can never make either desirable citizens or residents, but for those who came prior to the numerical restriction and who have proved themselves to be substantial residents, ought to be given an opportunity to have their residence made a lawful one. At this time there is no way of making such a previous entry a lawful, permanent one without departure from the United States and reentry in possession of appropriate immigration visa. In many instances, to secure such visa requires residence outside the country for several years. The best interests of the Government, however, are not served by requiring this to be done. I propose that where such aliens upon enrollment are found to be desirable residents, the Secretary of Labor should be given authority to legalize the prior entry and permit them to remain as lawful residents eligible for citizenship.

The smuggling of aliens is accomplished in many ways, including abuse of the Seamen's Law, which permits an alien seaman to leave his ship at an American port and remain in the country sixty days. The number of seamen deserting last year and failing to leave the country within the specified time was 19,710, which makes a total of

77,917 for the past three years. In order to secure the privilege of getting aboard ship as seamen, many aliens abroad have procured forged seamen's certificates. Numerous forged immigration visas have come to our attention and many fake alien reentry permits have been taken up. The business of dealing in forged papers for the purpose of evading immigration laws has been a highly profitable one, but would be far less so if aliens who contemplated smuggling in had any reason to believe that we could detect their unlawful presence after arrival.

Unless some plan of enrollment is provided it will be necessary, in order to enforce the immigration laws, to have a force of officers to inquire into the legality of residence of aliens in practically all parts of the country. Such a system would be highly undesirable to all and might prove a source of embarrassment to many. But enrollment of all aliens would solve the difficulty at no cost to the Government because the small fee collected upon enrollment would be ample not only to pay for the benefits given individually to aliens but also for the administration of the law.

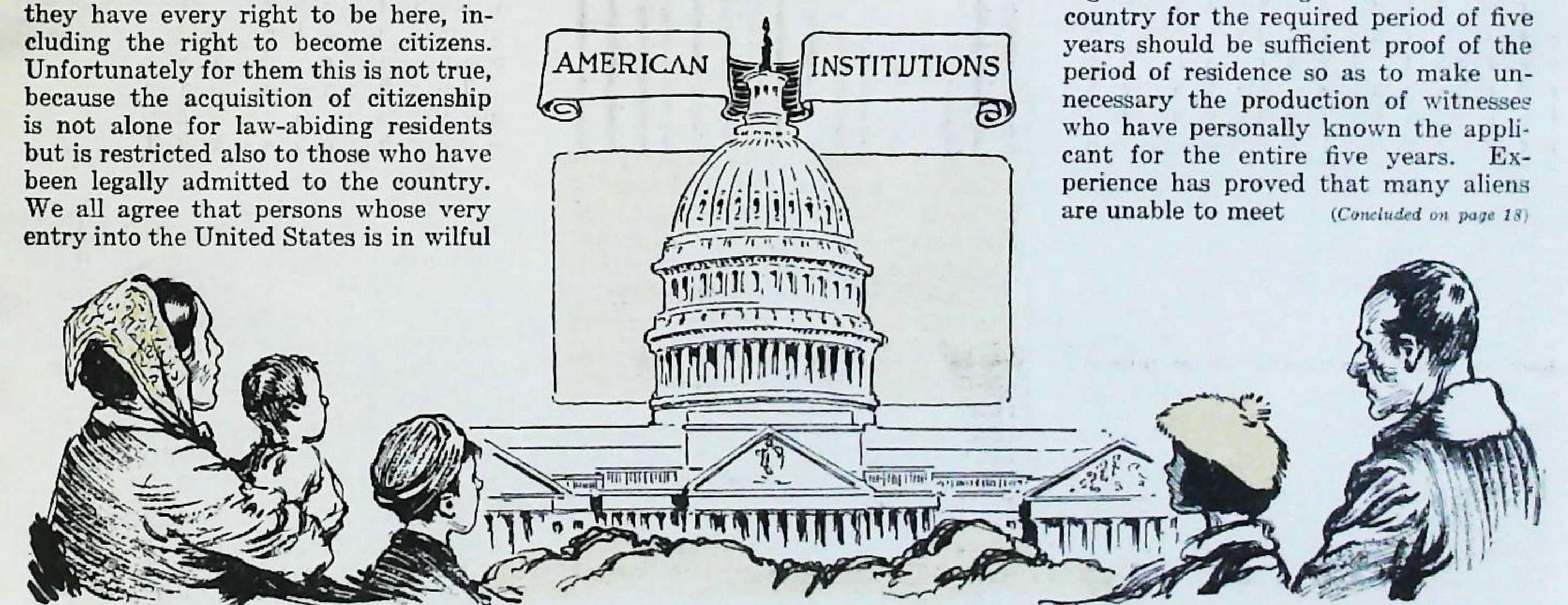
I do not recommend elaborate and costly machinery to accomplish enrollment. What I recommend is that officers designated by the Commissioner of Naturalization with the approval of the Secretary of Labor should enroll the aliens residing within the respective localities, where available clerks of courts, postmasters and school authorities should be appointed to serve in the capacity of registrars.

Upon enrollment each alien should be required to pay a small fee, in return for which he would receive a registration card (made out in duplicate, one copy being kept in the Naturalization files) and be directed to a competent source of training. Directly the Government should not direct the courses contemplated, but should approve the activities of the many helpful agencies now engaged in Americanization work.

The possession of a certificate of registration showing residence in the country for the required period of five years should be sufficient proof of the period of residence so as to make unnecessary the production of witnesses who have personally known the applicant for the entire five years. Experience has proved that many aliens are unable to meet



This measure I term the enrollment plan. The principal requirement can be stated very simply. Within some period of time to be determined, every



By
C. F.
FREEMAN



Filipino school children at play. In view of their future domination of the islands, it is certain that Bolshevik propagandists will endeavor to inculcate in their young minds the aims of the Soviet movement.

Bolshevism in the Philippines

An Untold Story—“Reds” Organize an Attack on the Air Service Which Is Providentially Frustrated

The writer has resided in the Philippines for the greater portion of the time since 1899 and is familiar with Spanish and the Tagalog dialect. As a newspaper man, as chief of a native police force in one of the great sugar-producing regions, and as a secret service operative in the Insular Customs he has had opportunities of observing the undercurrents of Philippine life such as are seldom given to the white man.

PEAKLY TO know and understand “Juan de la Cruz,” the Filipino peasant whose people compose the great mass of the islands population, one must come in close contact with him and be able to speak his language. Naturally secretive as are all Orientals, he will talk freely and express his honest opinion to a foreigner only when he reposes confidence in him, and if this confidence is not violated the auditor may learn much of interest and value.

Hospitable and kind-hearted, but ignorant and credulous to the extreme, poor Juan becomes an easy victim for suave and convincing agents of Bolshevism who are known to be spreading their virus through the islands. Posing as friends of the Filipinos, who have come to aid them in their struggle for

employ more than a very limited number of special agents, and these only intermittently, and as the funds at its disposal permit. Much of the information it acquires is furnished gratuitously by American ex-soldiers who have married Filipino women and who speak the dialects, by the offspring of such marriages who have reached maturity, and by loyal Filipinos. Many of the latter desire the independence of their country but realize the dangers of Bolshevism.

To cripple and disorganize the military forces of a nation in order to obtain ascendancy is always the first effort of the “Reds,” and their first demonstration in the Philippines, though nipped in the bud, was aimed at the Air Service. The publication of the story of this affair will come as a complete surprise to the majority of the inhabitants of the islands, as it has never appeared in the local press, though occurring nearly two years ago.

One day in the early part of 1924 an American seated in a Manila café was approached by a Filipino friend who stated that he wished to speak with him in private. The American, a veteran of the Philippine insurrection and a resident of the islands for many years, accompanied the Filipino to a private room and there listened to a tale which however improbable it might sound was soon to send him hurrying to the military authorities at Fort Santiago.

Briefly, and under a promise of secrecy which will never be violated, the Filipino spoke much as follows. “Señor, you know me for many years

and speak my language. I love my country and fought for it under Aguinaldo both against the Spaniards and Americans, but I realize now that independence cannot be gained by force of arms. There are foolish young fellows among us who think differently and have listened to the teachings of those who would plunge us into a useless struggle. A band of these young men have planned to attack the hangars at Camp Nichols and Camp Stotsenberg and to destroy the airplanes. Without the menace of the planes it would be possible to organize the ‘taos’ (peasants) in remote places and to make hostile demonstrations against American rule. It is believed that if the tactics of terrorism used by the Irish Republicans were repeated here that the United States would grant independence or at least make the same concessions that England did. Warn the authorities immediately, señor, but remember that if you betray me I will be assassinated.”

Since the bloody affair of 1920 when a company of constabulary armed with repeating rifles shot down policemen and civilians in the streets of Manila, the authorities have realized that almost anything may happen, and in this case the army on receiving information of the proposed attack immediately prepared for it. The number of sentries around the threatened reservations was at once doubled and other precautions taken. Sure enough, the raid occurred two nights later when a party of natives attempted to break into the dynamite storehouse at Camp Nichols a few miles out of Manila city limits. American sentinels fired on them and it was ascertained later that one of the raiders was wounded. The affair was hushed up so closely for various reasons that not a word of it reached the public, but both Camps Nichols and Stotsenberg remained heavily guarded for months afterward.

The next demonstration, supposedly of Bolshevik origin, was made by a group of disgruntled native laborers and mechanics employed by the Army Quartermaster Department on Corregidor Island where the fortifications guarding Manila Bay are located. In this case the fresh water pumps of the island were tampered with to such an extent that water had to be brought from Manila to supply the garrison. Investigation proved that the majority of the supposed perpetrators of this act of sabotage

belonged to an organization known as the “Legionarios de Trabajo” (Legion of Workers), the supreme head of which is a Filipino of openly pronounced Bolshevik tendencies, but no one was prosecuted for the crime through lack of direct evidence.

A few months later came the “Scout Mutiny” at Fort William McKinley close to Manila when several hundred natives refused to obey the



A Filipino ladie and lassie whose smiles are well worth photographing.



but a potential menace. Bolshevism is undoubtedly lurking in the background of the agrarian troubles of the provinces of Cavite, Bulacan, Pampanga, and Nueva Ecija and much “Red” literature reaches the Philippines despite the vigilance of the postal authorities and the Customs Secret Service. Not a few of its agents are undoubtedly white men, although Filipinos who have visited other lands are in the majority. It is hard, however, for a white man to appear openly in this matter and his work, in a brown man’s country, must be accomplished from cover in order

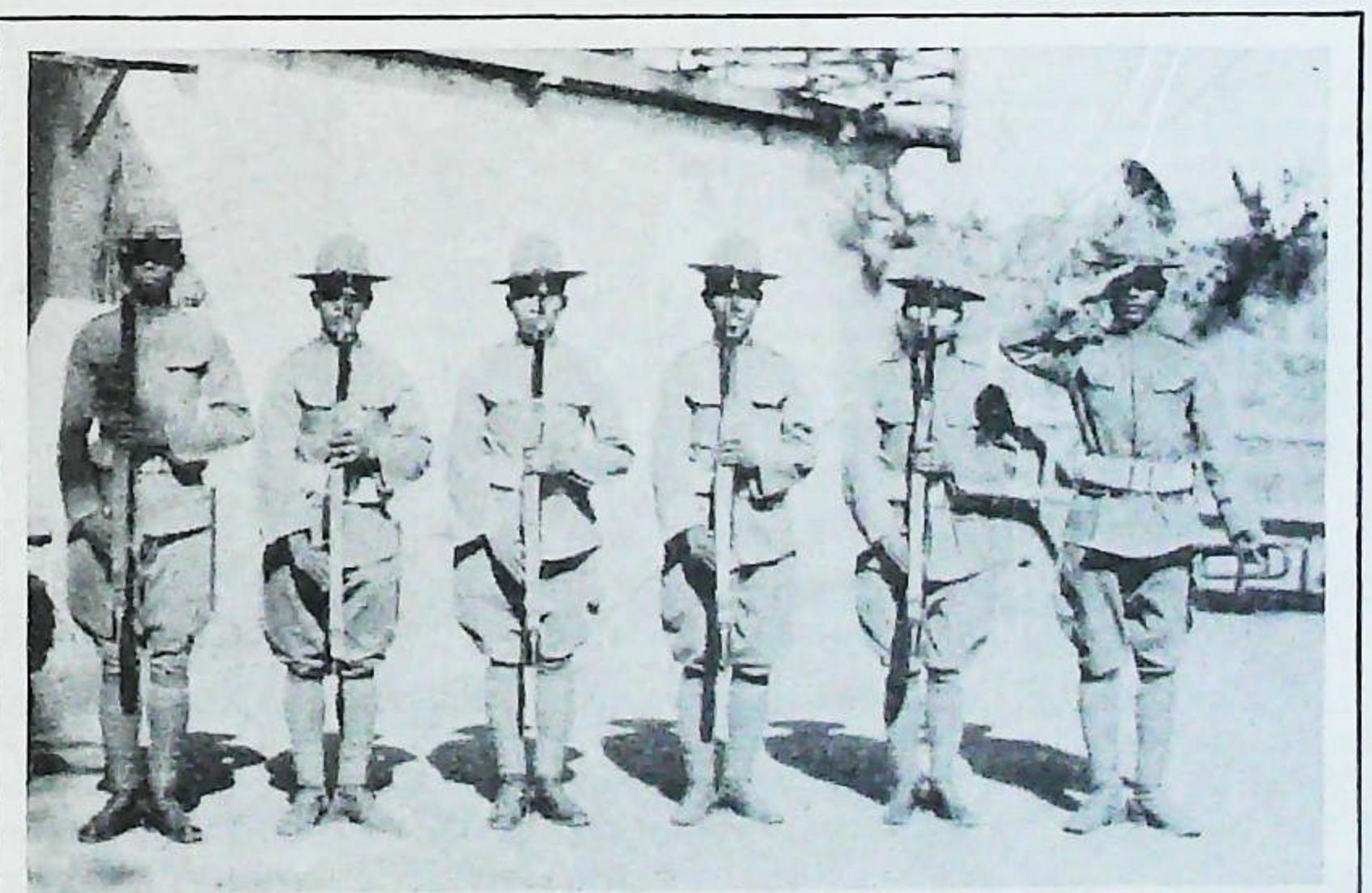
to avoid detection.

Three years ago when Admiral Stark’s refugee fleet of “White” Russians reached the friendly shores of the Philippines, many former subjects of the Czar, who were not so much “White” as “Red,” scattered through the islands in search of employment.

So thoroughly have the Bolsheviks imbued the Filipinos with the idea that American capital is their enemy that it is reflected in the native colonies in the United States.

A few weeks ago the American Guardian Association of Manila, which cares for and educates orphaned or abandoned children of American blood in the Philippines, made an appeal to the people of the United States for the sum of two million dollars to carry on their noble work. Wide publicity has been given to this appeal by reason of its being sponsored by Governor General Leonard Wood and endorsed by some of the most prominent personages in the Philippines and this country, including Vice-President Dawes, the Episcopalian bishop and two Roman Catholic cardinals.

And now the cry arises that the “pernicious influence of Wall Street” is behind this “plot” to educate American half-caste children with the view of their future domination of the islands, and to perpetuate American rule to the prejudice of the “independence” movement. The Bolsheviks fear that the influence of these youngsters will militate against the “Red” rule which they desire to see in the Orient.



“Present arms!” Filipino Constabulary drilling at Luzon.

English Is Better Spoken in America

"Polate, Refaned Oxford"
Is Spoiling the Language

WELL! Well! Well! It is as I always thought—the English of Americans is better English than the English of the English. But who would dare say so in face of our Womens' Clubs' great predilection for English "leckchahs" by English "leckchahwahs"? Certainly I should have hesitated, brazen as I am, had not St. John Ervine said it before me. Ervine, as you know, is an English playwright and novelist, besides being dramatic editor of the London *Observer*.

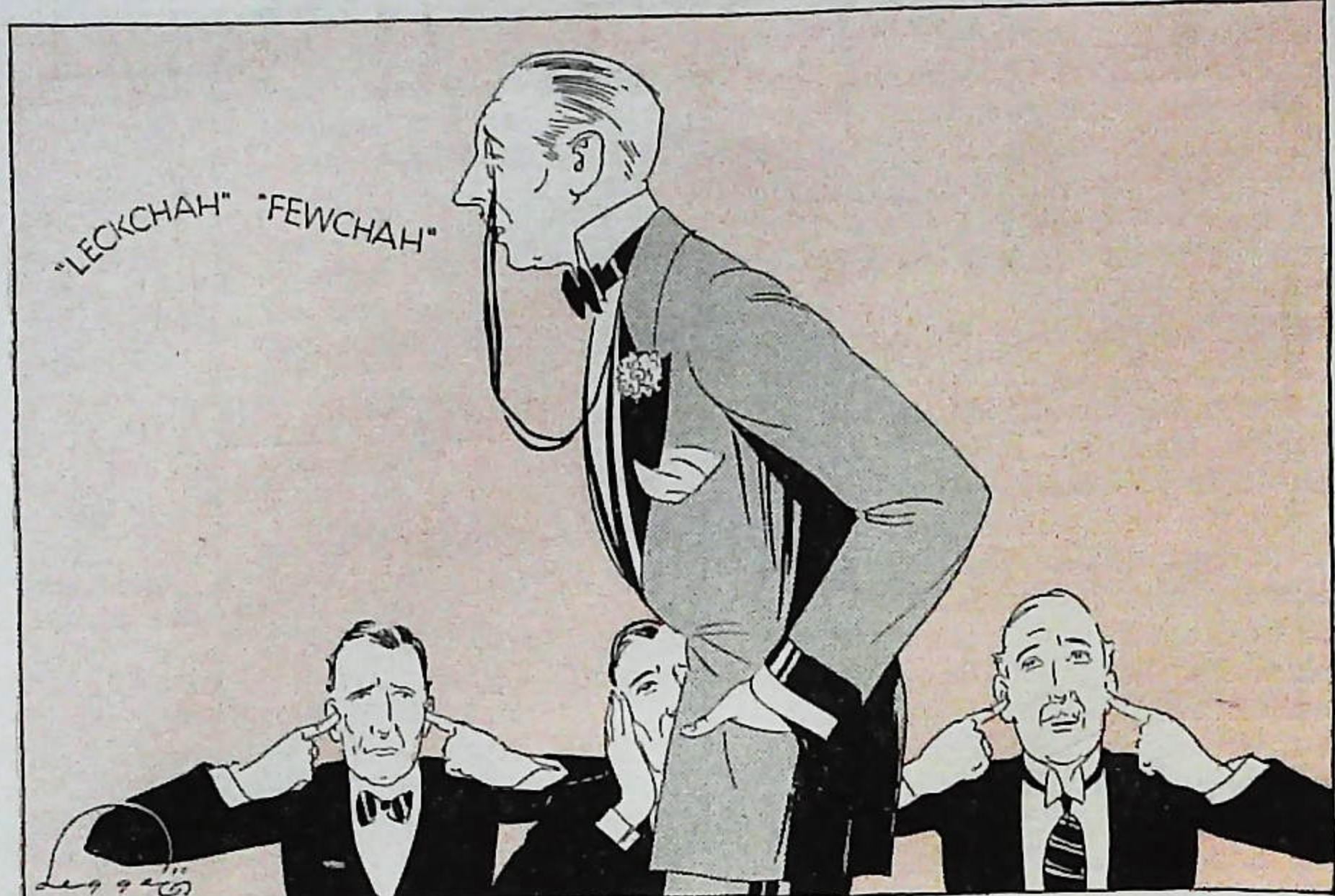
"Americans enunciate English more clearly than English people do," writes Mr. Ervine.

"His Holiness the Pope lately remarked that he understood English better when he heard it from Americans than when he heard it from Englishmen.

"It is idle to tell me that Americans speak dreadfully. Many of them do, but no fair-minded person can deny that educated Americans speak more distinctly than educated English people do.

"The English language is a beautiful language, and we shall be poor servants of our race if we allow it to be corrupted by empty-minded snobs. I have already referred to the fact that the word 'extraordinary' is seldom properly pronounced in England, but is nearly always properly pronounced in America. In England it is commonly pronounced 'extrawdinary.' What a way to speak a fine word!"

"What is one to do," asks Mr.



"Laten ow deukness, we besee thee, oo Law, and bay Thay gray mehey defen us fawn all pahls and dangahs of theese nate for the lahv of Thay ownly Son, ah Saveyah, Jesus Chreest."

This is what Mr. Ervine calls "the polate Oxford voice." Water is "water," not "wotta"—"and anyone who pronounces it otherwise is either tone-deaf or a silly snob," says Mr. Ervine.

It is Oxford, he says, "polate, refaned Oxford" that is spoiling the English language in England.

He sets down a list of words as two university gentlemen mispronounced them:

"Thahfah" for therefore.

"Hoises" for horses. "Seteesfection" for satisfaction. "Deesah" for desire. "Ownly"—a

"Ideeah" for idea. "Kerikter" for character.

"Both these gentlemen are university men," says Mr. Ervine. "Is it not awful to think that that sort of lingo is being broadcast all over the country? It is still more awful that it is continually being talked on the stage. There are two places in which we have the right to expect people to speak clearly and well: the church and the theater. These are now nearly the last places in which clear and good speech is heard. I recommend readers to listen to the gentleman who announces the News Bulletins from London over the wireless. He has a fine delivery, and he speaks English, not Oxford.

"Two correspondents wrote to me a little while ago, defending the Oxford voice. They quoted professors to me. One of them actually told me that 'leckchah' and 'fewchah' and similar 'refaned' abominations are the correct South-of-England way of speaking. I regret to say that both my correspondents have been allowing professors to stuff their heads with nonsense.

"I will say nothing about elided r's, for I have said much about them before, and perhaps it is useless to expect English people to deal generously with this rich, resonant letter. But I implore teachers and persons in authority to insist on the Oxford voice being put where the Oxford trousers have now happily been put. If children at schools persist in saying 'leckchah' and 'fewchah,' wallop them. Wallop them hard. Make their hides tingle. Do not let it be said that your child talks 'polately.' Let there be masculinity in our language. And to all curates and priests and bishops I say this, that you should be unfrocked for whining and bleating your way through the loveliest liturgy in the world."

AFTER my visit to America I was ashamed to think that I had sometimes made *figure rhyme with nigger*. I used to be taught that only Cockneys sounded the *h in humor*; now the omission of the aspirate in this word is becoming an aristocratic peculiarity, like the now obsolete *yaller, brasslet, goold, cucumber, and Hargot*. *Diamond* is, I think, disappearing from West End drawing-rooms, and our daughters will probably call themselves *gurls*, a pronunciation which is still considered 'middle class.' All unaccented syllables tend to coalesce in an -er sound. It is said that some school children spell *to* as *ter*, which is the way they pronounce it. I have heard *chune*, for *tune*, and even *tawn*, from young women who ought to know better. In an old-fashioned English grammar there appears (shocking to relate), among pairs of words which are pronounced alike but spelled differently, *Indian* and *engine* ('injun!')."

—Dean Inge.

Ervine, "with the parson who whines through the liturgy of the church like a sick hyena? One goes to church and hears a curate debasing the coins of speech by turning a prayer like the third collect of evensong into a miserable moan. How often have we heard that prayer spoken like this:

Cockneyism—for only. "Feet" for fact. "Assoom" for assume. "Whah" for where. "Incompeeteble" for incompatible. "Supposse"—another Cockneyism—for suppose. "Fewchah" for future. "Immejat" for immediate. "Idjat" for idiot.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

FOR the formula of success one must go to the author or lecturer who himself is usually not a conspicuous success, but who claims to know what the necessary ingredients are. The successful man can rarely tell anything of importance. "A few strong instincts, a few plain rules," as Emerson says, mingled with opportunity and bound together with fidelity, that is about the extent that words can go.

Men are always begging the question because there is no agreement as to what constitutes success. When it is pointed out that success is not in

the argument—there will be nothing left to acquire. However, people seldom wish to philosophize about success—they want to be told how to get it. They want advice. Well, if one has anything to say which he thinks will help, let him say it. The potency of advice does not wholly depend on its wisdom, but partly on the state of mind of him to whom it is offered.

If a young man wants immediately to step into success, let him enter that phase of it which has always invited the better minds, the nobler natures. Let him at once become successful by contribution.

Just what does that mean?

It means that he shall successfully do what he is doing. The success of a bakery is its bread; the success of a factory is its product; the success of a store is its service; the success of a job is its completeness and utility. Where are you? Answer that and you will know whether you ever have, of your own accord and actually, with conscious intent and understanding mind, contributed to the success of the thing you are doing.

If a man loves success, desires success, deserves success, he will love this phase of it first and pre-eminently, otherwise there can be no success for him. The success of acquisition is dead coal; but success by contribution is living fire.

Life is a bank in which a large capital has been placed to our account, through no effort and no deserving of our own. We are all born with the costliest of gold spoons in our mouths—life, personality, to discover, to will, to apply—capacity to grow, to free gifts beyond price. And we have everything that ever anything was made out of—we have the Earth: given to us: free, sufficient, ever yielding new wealth. With the *mind* to work, with the *matter* to work upon, what success can there possibly be except that of contributing to useful ends that with which we have been so plentifully dowered?

If a young man could only see that his life is not in any man's power, that no foreman or corporation, no, nor social system, can keep him down—that all his destiny is in the hands of beneficent Law—that life's worth to him is measured by what he puts into it—he would at once start to build his life according to the principle of contribution. And then, because there is a Law, the matter of acquisition would begin to work equitably.

This is a clue of priceless value to the young man who can see it.

EDITORIALS

"Aids to Innocence"

THE superior organization of the criminal world is gradually forcing itself upon public notice and, like most other evils, needs only to be seen to be destroyed. The police recently captured a noted desperado and multi-murderer. The handcuffs were hardly on him before arrangements for his defense were under way. A \$50,000 defense fund. A newspaper syndicate story of his career of crime. His wife in motion pictures. The generosity of fellow-criminals and the curiosity of the public were relied upon to help him fight the law. But other things were under way also. Public knowledge of how the thing is done had the effect of preventing the thing from being done. There will be no motion pictures. There will be no newspaper syndicate story. The chances are there will be no \$50,000.

It is not the criminal's superior cleverness but the citizen's preoccupation with legitimate matters that gives the former his seeming power. Once the citizen's attention is enlisted, the criminal's finish is near.

A Great Shepherd

THE world will long remember Cardinal Mercier. No story of the Great War will omit to tell the heroism of this priest. He was the voice of Belgium crying out against force and injustice, and though force silenced him and justice seemed long delayed, the moral heroism of his protest kept it clamant and potent to the end. It is rather strange now to think that Germany was first morally defeated by a woman, Edith Cavell, and by a priest, Cardinal Mercier. His was the first voice to remind the world that conscience still was free, the first voice that had no truckling in it. Of course, he was in other ways a great man, else he could not have been great when the great occasion came. It was not an instance of the ecclesiastic eking out the stature of the man, but the man giving stature to the ecclesiastic. As a man and a Christian he became in a day the world's symbol of the unconquerable might of moral courage on the side of justice.

Pearry, Cook and Questions

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN, discoverer of the South Pole, did a commendable act when recently he visited Dr. Frederick A. Cook in prison. Captain Amundsen is reported to have said in a lecture that Cook's claims to have discovered the North Pole stand on as good grounds as Peary's,

and that Peary's story told practically nothing that Cook's story had not told months before. This is the view also held in England, where the controversy has been reopened. There it has been questioned, and quite seriously by competent men, whether Peary found the Pole. It may be that Captain Amundsen hits near the truth when he says: "It is possible that neither of them reached the pole." The question will probably be settled by airplane. The air-route has superseded the ice-route, and the next ten years will bring us more knowledge of the arctic regions than we have gained since arctic explorations began.

Russian Oil—Soviet Oil

THE name "Russian" is still respectable. It goes as of yore in literature, art and personality. The names "Soviet" and "Bolshevik" are suspected of the world. The Soviets will not forward letters addressed to Russia; they must be addressed to the United Soviet Socialist Republics—the U. S. S. R. Yet when it comes to selling the oil of Russia, the Soviets cling to the old name—R. O. P.—Russian Oil Products. That name is good in trade; S. O. P. would not be. And considering that before Bolshevism the oil producer had to pay a royalty to the government, a 20 per cent income tax, and higher wages for a shorter day than the Soviets now allow to Russian workmen, the "Russian" business must be immensely profitable to the Soviets, who take everything from royalty to profits.

Candlelight and Immortality

A CANDLELIGHT teaches Immortality. Dr. Henry Norris Russell, a Princeton astronomer, says:

"Just as the heated matter in the flame of a star sets something going which we call light, which goes on, away from its source into the ether, so that complex system, the human body, may originate something—the soul—which belongs to another realm (which, to give it a name, we may call spiritual), and persist there, after the body has disintegrated. In this realm the souls of men still exist."

Then he gives us a simple illustration: that of a tiny candle burning. We pucker our lips and blow it out. The flame disappears. But it has not been blown out. We have merely stopped the chemical processes of combustion. The light from that candle still goes on, out into space, and it will endure forever.

That is Immortality.

Burbank—"Infidel"

M R. LUTHER BURBANK wishes to be regarded as an infidel. He exhibits a rather unusual relish for the word, unusual except in callow minds. It is sometimes found in youngsters who are sowing their philosophic wild oats. But the word itself continues in use among those who do not understand its meaning. Mr. Burbank thinks he would like to be known as a "true infidel," but if he succeeds in his desire he will first have to be one. And if he becomes one, he will be the first since the dawn of intelligence. The human mind is constitutionally unable to support true infidelity or atheism. Even the lowest forms of barbarism have failed to produce an atheistic tribe. Atheism, which is the heart of infidelity, simply does not exist, and cannot coexist with sanity. So that in this respect, like all amateurs in this field, Mr. Burbank does not know what he is talking about. It looks well in a newspaper headline but it does not stand analysis. Especially when, immediately following the stupendous statement, Mr. Burbank goes on to tell what he does believe. One ten-thousandth part of the least significant item of what he says he believes removes him far, far from the remotest chance of ever achieving his boyish desire to be a "true infidel." The dictionary is very useful as a starting point for such discussions.

Should Doctors Speak?

THEY are having a row across the water with reference to medical instruction through the press. A doctor gave some information about colds to a reporter who, in printing the matter for the public benefit, inadvertently mentioned the doctor's name, whereupon the General Medical Council removed the doctor's name from its register of practicing physicians. It was shown that the doctor expressly forbade the use of his name, but that made no difference. Now the whole question is up for discussion. The United States, of course, is used as the chief example of the good and bad of medical publicity. Good in this, that it has medical publicity; bad in this, that most of the doctors who write do not practice, and most of the doctors who practice do not write. The United States method has the disadvantage (not through connivance of the medical profession, however) of opening up the news columns to dangerous publicity for all sorts of fakes—take the columns of telegraphic news given to Abrams' "box" for example. But on the whole, the American method seems to be the best that has thus far been evolved. The wider and more intelligent the public acquaint-

ance with medical problems, discoveries and counsel, the better for the public health.

Military Training of Students

I F ONE were persuaded that military training is being abolished in schools and colleges for the reasons officially given, the movement would have a different appearance. When certain people say, "if we wish our children to be good patriots we must first train them to be good citizens," there is no disagreement with that; but when they begin their training in citizenship by throwing aspersions on citizen defense, then we have a right to be troubled, even suspicious, yes and antagonistic. A Board of Education, which recently abolished military training in the public schools, was studied by this writer for some knowledge of its motive, and nothing was found beyond the statements made in a particularly virulent and recently widely distributed pacifist pamphlet of the most piffling variety. Yes, there was a general expression of desire to train the children in citizenship, but as to the citizen's duty to defend his country and his home, and training him in that, there was the strongest opposition.

Now, no one stands for the militarizing of the schools. And so far as is known, that has never been attempted. But it has always been recognized that exercise in group formation is beneficial to schoolboys. Since the World War taught the terrible price which a nation pays for unpreparedness in its men (this nation is always prepared in everything but men), it has been suggested that physical training and military training, where they run along together, might be advantageously combined in the larger schools. And it has been successfully done. Its very success has challenged the opposition of the professional pacifists.

In any case, such training should be elective. In no case has the complaint against training come from the pupils who have taken it. In most cases, where pacifism influenced the educational board, the students themselves have continued their training.

That is the fact which stands out in strange contrast to the pacifist propaganda around our educational boards: the American student himself is not a mollycoddle, he thinks it no damage to his character to accustom himself to the thought that a male citizen's duty to his country includes its defense; he thinks it no disgrace to his person to accustom it to the duties that may be required; in short, he is always more American than are the mixed racial elements of the educational boards that forbid him to face his duty.



The Man from France came into The Office. "All that you read of the French Government is, of course, true," said he, "but don't make the mistake of judging the nation by the government. You in the United States once drove a line of distinction between the German people and the Prussian Government. You must think in the same way of France. In probably no land, except China, can you witness the same spectacle of a government so completely detached from the people. The French nation is fairly prosperous; the French Government is bankrupt. The French Government is more or less a side issue, like a private business in whose financial difficulties the public have no interest. French industry is very busy; they are even importing labor; but the government has little if anything to do with it. The French Government is apparently worrying a little about the foreign debt; but you can bet your last franc that the French people are not."

"To show what France and Spain think of each other, now that they are allies in the war against the Riffs: it is told in both countries that France got into the war on the side of Spain for the purpose of helping the Riffs. Incredible as such a story would seem in America, it is not told without much circumstantial embellishment. Desiring Spain to be whipped, France could not openly assist to that end, but by becoming Spain's ally and contriving to have enough men and munitions captured by the Riffs, France could effect a virtual reinforcement of Riffian military strength. So, you hear in Spain, whenever French guns and troops are captured: 'There go more troops and guns to the Riffs.' It is a delightful confidence such stories breed between peoples, isn't it?"

"Well," said the **Man from South Bend**, "you can say what you like about farming standing on its own bottom, but I happen to know farms that were managed right up to the hilt and hardly got by last year. It is all very well to say that farms must stand on their own bottom, and so they could, if steel mills stood on their own bottom, too, and if railroads did. But the farmer, unorganized as he is, is compelled to do business in every direction with highly organized interests, and not only that, with interests that the government has stepped in to help make profits. Still, a man doesn't always know what to stand for—whether the subtraction of this government protection from other businesses, or the addition of it to the farmer's business. After all the political pow-wow of the last thirty years, we are no nearer the solution than we ever were. There is more needing correction in our system than merely the farmer's methods. I would include the banker's methods too. But the moment you do that, you are rated as an anarchist. Yet money is

one of the farmer's troubles, and it is harder for a farmer to get \$100 than for a wheat speculator to get half a million. No one on earth pays so high a rate of interest as the farmer. Does anybody think that so-called farm legislation is going to help the farmer there? Not so long as the financial lobby knows it. That is what the Government is up against; it has been in partnership with money interests so long that it just cannot throw them over. Imagine Mr. Mellon approving anything that lowers the interest rate! Yet every other line of business strives for efficiency in lowering its prices. Did you ever hear of a bank proving its greater banking efficiency by lowering its interest rate—to borrowers—in order to start competition with other banks? I guess not."

The Play Teacher came into The Office. He is not much impressed with professional athletics, or even spectacular amateur athletics, from the standpoint of play. "When the boy makes the big college team, there is no more play left in it for him; it is just work. And after he has made his mark in collegiate athletics there is mighty little taste for play left in him anyway. He is always measuring himself against professional perfection, and that kills the play spirit. Only amateurs can play. 'Records' kill play."

"The best play to take up is something you can keep up all through your life. Most people leave off play because the games of their youth are too strenuous for their age. The main thing about it is not the game or the exercise but the sense of having been playing. People think you mean games when you say play. Games are only means of playing. If you can't play when you are playing them, you are not playing. It is play we want. Not expertness in some game. Not even physical exercise gained through the movements of the game. But play—playing as children play, with fun and laughter and forgetfulness. If you don't get that out of your golf, or tennis, or football, or bridge, you are not playing."

The Letter Man came into The Office with the following missive, the writer of which in a "N. B." pleads, "Is there no way you can get these facts to Mellon and Frank B. Kellogg?" Anyway, the letter fairly represents a stratum of opinion in this country.

"A little comment on your editorial 'Recognizing Bolshevism.'

"Recognizing Russia may be recognizing Bolshevism, I'll grant that. Now, what is Bolshevism? What is the Fascisti? They are only political parties in their respective countries. We have the Republican party, and the Democratic party in this country. Possibly a Progressive party. In 1924 when there was a contest for Presidency, the governing body (the Manufacturers Ass'n)

gave a warning that unless Coolidge was elected the whole country would be idle. They might just as well have said it is 'verboten' to vote against him.

"Could Bolshevism do any worse than give us Prohibition, or rob the Veterans Bureau, or pilfer the oil reserves, or use their offices to supply their favored Bootlegger with permits. The people have short memories, but yours is not so short, that you do not remember these 'trifling' incidents. Perhaps you will remember the names of Charles R. Forbes, Harry Daugherty, E. L. Doheny, Albert B. Fall, and others.

"Right before our eyes they are trying to make us believe they are giving us a tax reduction by reducing income tax. The facts given in the Congressional chamber prove who is getting the reduction. I never paid more than \$16.00 a year, as long as it has been in existence, and some years I didn't pay any. The poor class of people never complained about the income tax. Now, why is Mellon so enthusiastic.

"The only thing the people of the country are kicking about is that they have to use their home for a brewery, and be in 'hot water' all the time that a government agent is going to come and upset his home, arrest him, and fine him \$100.00 plus. Then they try to make us believe they are doing us a favor by giving us a few dollars a year thru Income Tax reduction. We are willing to pay the 1924 rate of income tax, if we can get something to drink that won't make us sick.

"The sad part of all is that the cities, states and governments are building schools and universities of all kinds to educate us, and then try to dupe us on minor problems such as these.

"We don't want Bolshevism in this country. We want a free country. Now, what can we do to get it in these United States?"

The Man from Washington dropped into The Office. "Herbie" Hoover's very brave attack on the British Empire—single-handed, too!—is regarded in Washington as having possible political bearings. You know, 'Herbie' wants to be President. He exerts more direct influence over the United States right now, by reason of the concentration of powers in his Department, than the President does. His closest friends tell him that he cannot be President. These friends include the most astute political writer in the country. And one of the things urged against 'Herbie' is that he is too gol-darned British. The greater part of his early life, you know, was spent with British interests. So something had to be done to show that he could square away against the British Empire, if necessary. There was rubber! They say the English have no sense of humor, but Hoover has certainly set them all laughing, from Land's End to John O' Groat's."

Franklin had stepped into the middle of a popular madness, and into a time when a newfangled watchword flew abroad like wildfire. He saw the masses swayed by a blind prejudice, saw them following the guidance, more or less erratic, of a man who knew very

ROMANTIC RASCALS.

John Wilkes

Made "Liberty" a
Catchword to Climb
Into Mob Favor

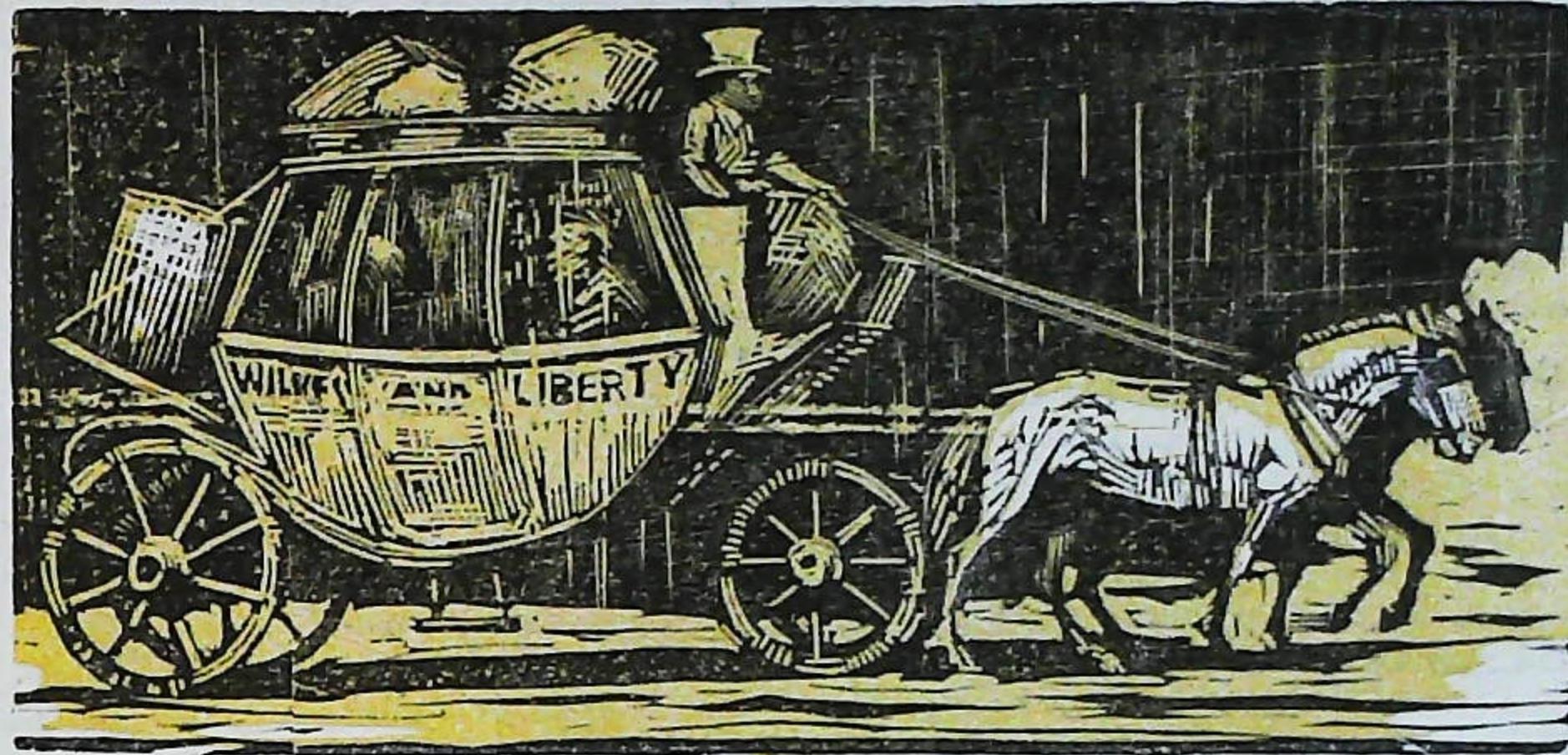
By CHARLES J. FINGER

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, traveling through England wide-eyed and curious, wondered to see the legend "Wilkes and No. 45 for ever," chalked up on so many doors and walls. He was by no means new to watchwords and the commonplaces of patriotism, and, for a time, could not quite decide to his own satisfaction whether Wilkes was a firebrand or a patriot, but at last compromised with himself by expressing amazement at the freedom of expression tolerated in a country choked with quaint usages and outworn statutes. It struck him that there was a curious balance between an organized aristocracy on the one hand, and an organized people on the other, and, above all, that there was a ready tolerance for expressed opinion.

"Tis really an extraordinary event," he wrote, "to see an outlaw and exile of bad character, not worth a farthing, come over from France, set himself up as a candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. The mob, spirited up by numbers of different ballads, sung or roared in every street, requiring gentlemen and ladies of all ranks as they passed in their carriages to shout for 'Wilkes and Liberty,' marking the same words on coaches with chalk, and 'No. 45' on every door, which extends a vast way along the roads into the country. I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarcely a door unmarked; and this continued here and there quite to Winchester, which is sixty-four miles away."

Franklin had stepped into the middle of a popular madness, and into a time when a newfangled watchword flew abroad like wildfire. He saw the masses swayed by a blind prejudice, saw them following the guidance, more or less erratic, of a man who knew very



Men and ladies of all ranks were required to mark "Wilkes and Liberty" on their coaches.

John Wilkes, A Friend to Liberty."

No man ever better carried water on both shoulders. Posing as a reformer and man of the people, he associated with titled rakes, with literary men, with foreign magnates and with high-minded idealists. When Lord Despencer founded his mock order of Franciscans, the Medmenham monks as they called themselves, Wilkes was one of them and took a lively interest in the formation of the Hell-Fire club that grew out of the organization. He was a shining light in the Old Coggers club in Shoe Lane where such men of wit as Judge Keogh, and Daniel O'Connell, and the eloquent Curran congregated. There were few public hangings outside of Newgate that he did not attend. He could pass from grave to gay in a moment and if there were contradictions in his conduct, well and good, the task of reconciliation could be left to others.

Controversy about him paid handsomely. To indulge in controversy where his material advancement was not served, was a waste of time. As for theory and practice, they were worlds asunder. While city alderman, talking large about example and character and the rights of the individual, he was scandalizing his friend, W. Stafford, by writing to the charming Mrs. Stafford letters in which he called her "sovereign of my soul," and fell into enthusiasms with "if heaven had made me the guardian, protector, the, oh, rapture!—the possessor of those wondrous beauties and graces," and so on. "Give me," he said, on one occasion, "fifteen minutes start with a woman against the handsomest man in England, and I'll win. Your good-looking man forgets the effect of attention. I have to flatter to win, and flattery never fails with a woman."

(Concluding
the Series)

As for laughing at his dupes, there is the classic instance when he, and his opponent Colonel Lutterell, stood for election, and the Wilkites were ninety per cent strong at a meeting.

"You see them," said Wilkes to his opponent. "Tell me, are there more fools than rogues shouting for me."

The Colonel eyed his opponent scornfully and replied: "Where would your hopes be if I told them what you said?"

"Where they are now," said Wilkes. "I would say that you lied, and they would tear you to pieces in ten minutes."

But Wilkes' master stroke was to

How Wilkes Overcame Dr. Johnson

overcome the staunch old Tory, Dr. Johnson, to whom all rebels, George Washington included, were anathema. We get a glimpse of the Wilkes' method from Boswell. It was at a dinner party, and the old oracle looked askance at the demagogue, was indeed displeased to see him there. Boldly, Wilkes took his seat at the table by the doctor, and, knowing the man's weakness for a good meal, applied himself assiduously to loading his neighbor's plate, calling attention to a dish of roast veal. It was "pray let me help you to some . . . A little of the brown. And some fat, sir. A little of this stuffing. Some gravy? Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter," and so on, until Dr. Johnson lost his surly virtue and became complacent, so complacent that he was completely won over. "Jack," said he, "has a great variety of talk. Jack is a scholar and has the manners of a gentleman . . . I would do Jack a kindness rather than not."

Wilkes found the secret of his sort of success when it dawned upon him that there was a great section of the public always agog for a new excitement. He had seen people forsaking their affairs for any new thing; for a sight of Dr. Dover the pirate who became physician; for a glimpse of the strong man of Topham; for a look at the Gunning sisters famed for their beauty. He had seen the whole town

He Called King George a Liar

give easy currency to any preposterous notion, as when a crazed lifeguard

man foretold the destruction of London by an earthquake, upon which a frantic terror took the population and the roads leading to the country were crowded with vehicles, while a keen-minded merchant made a little fortune out of his obsolete stock, selling what he called "earthquake gowns for sleeping out of doors." There had been other crazes, for Theodore of Corsica, for Dr. Graham, for Psalmanazar of Formosa who told of impossible wonders. In each and every case any new form of mental dissipation served to interest and excite. So Wilkes resolved to mold the plastic material to his own use.

He chose journalism as his means, and his paper, the *North Briton*, first appeared on May 29, 1762. The earlier numbers were innocuous, but soon, political sensations and outrageous personalities became the ordinary diet. He had the gift of clever phrase making and he had a vigorous style that held the attention. He also had courage and, when taken to task, was ready to back up the pen with the pistol. For instance, when he ridiculed Lord Talbot's horsemanship at George III's coronation and Talbot objected, Wilkes became more sarcastic. Then Talbot challenged him to a duel and Wilkes met him on the field. Shots were fired but no one was hurt. The case was different when Mr. Martin took offense because of a printed insult, for Wilkes received a ball in the stomach which sent him to bed where he "was all spirits and riot" says Walpole, and his artfulness, pride and vanity made him new adherents.

But the climax came with No. 45 of the *North Briton* when, in an editorial, both iconoclastic and insolent, Wilkes aimed high, charging the king with uttering falsehoods in a speech from the throne. In a flash, Wilkes had all the notoriety he desired. At the same time there appeared a pamphlet fathered by Wilkes called *An Essay on Women*, which was

A Spell of Hero Worship and Hysteria

denounced as ob-

scene. So, making

himself conspicu-

ously objectionable,

Wilkes had attacked two great preju-

dices.

Two days after the appearance of No. 45, Lord Halifax issued a general warrant against author, editor, publisher and printer, and there was an official raid in which papers were seized, Wilkes was arrested and placed in the Tower of London on a charge of sedition, and the printer was hauled to a less dignified jail. In that, outraged authority overstepped itself and failed to observe that respect for tradition and regard for precedent for which Milton had written and fought. The error was soon rectified in a way by Chief Justice

Pratt who handed down his opinion that the imprisonment under the circumstances was illegal, ordered the release of Wilkes under bond, and awarded the printer three hundred pounds by way of damages for false imprisonment. Wilkes was behind the printer's suit, testing matters with an eye to his own future proceedings. The printer's victory was his victory and he saw to it that the result was noised abroad.

All that awoke the popular tendency to hero worship and hysteria. Of the rights and wrongs of the case, Tom, Dick and Harry knew nothing and cared less. Wilkes had been in prison for telling king and cabinet what's what, and Wilkes had somehow found his liberty. That was enough, and it was not clear why Wilkes should be tried again. And Wilkes was willing and glad to trade on ignorance. So there

was raised the cry of "Conspiracy against Liberty" and it was taken up readily enough. In the eyes of the crowd Wilkes stood as a martyr. He was the tribune of the people. He was a blunt, spirited, rollicking and untame fellow whose sturdy openness was distasteful to organized authority. "Wilkes and Liberty" became a street cry. Men and boys were Wilkites or anti-Wilkites and the mania spread through the town and from the town to the country. Wilkes stood as the embodiment of social blessedness and men talked of victory and the gory field, though thousands who did so did not know Wilkes from Nebuchadnezzar.

Then came one of those strange popular madnesses that sometimes seize multitudes.

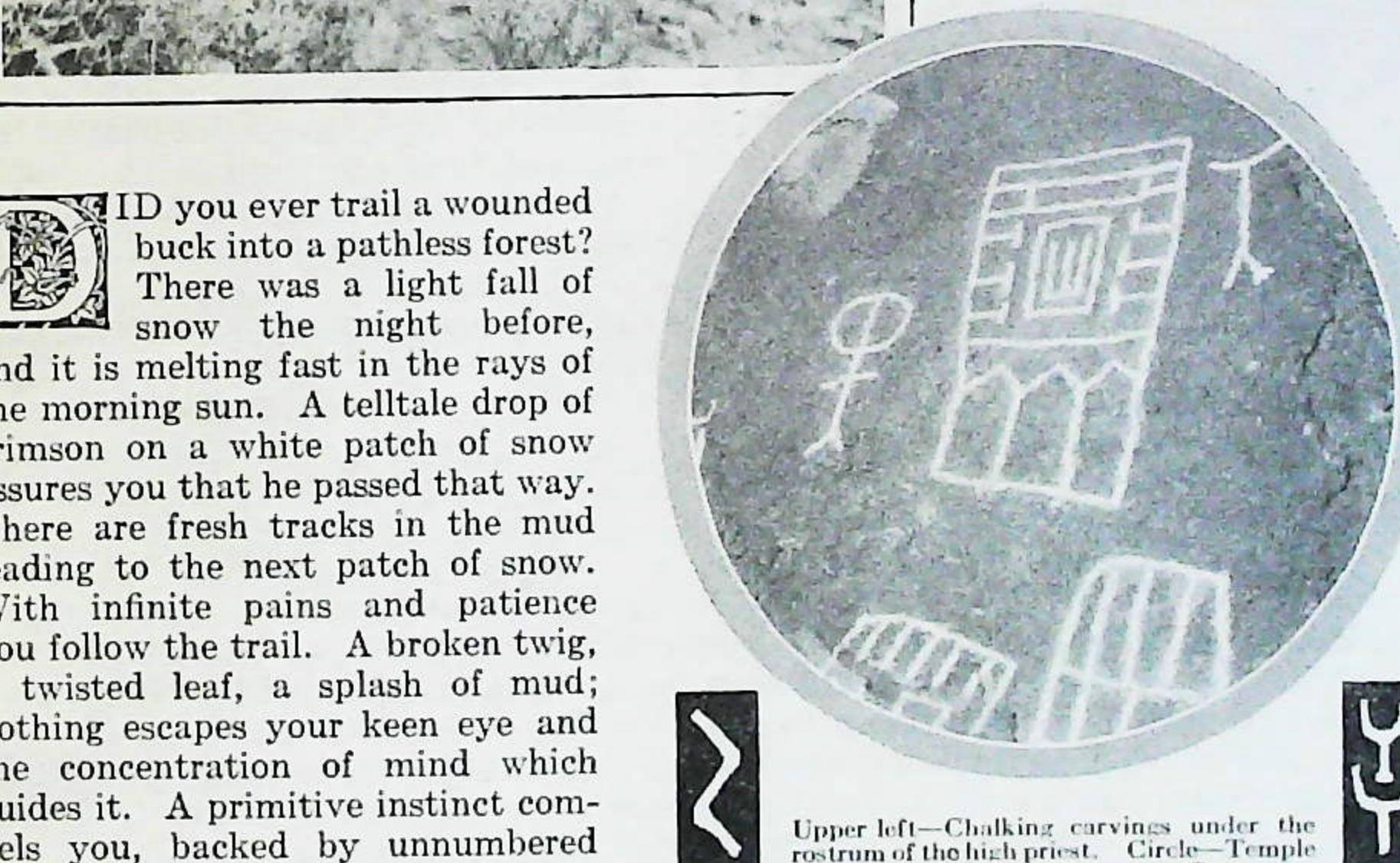
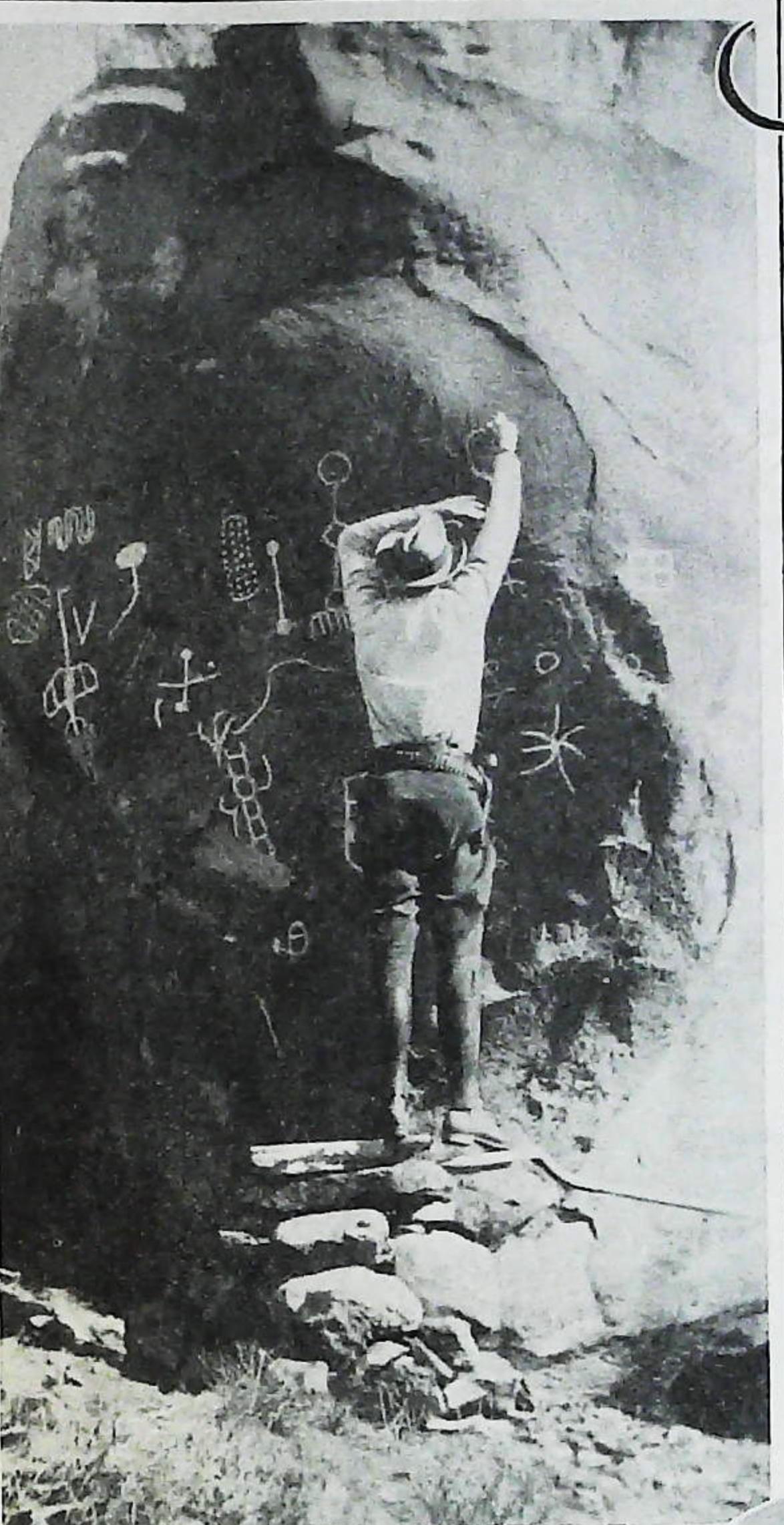
The offensive No. 45 was considered by Parliament and declared to be a "scandalous and seditious libel," and ordered burnt by the common hangman in Cheapside. December 3, 1763, when the city sheriff and the hangman appeared to perform the silly rite, they found men gathered in knots and crowds, and soon the cry "Wilkes and Liberty" was raised. Streets and alleys vomited people then, people lowering and angry and ready for mischief, and soon stones were thrown, then there was an ugly rush and some were hurt.

That was the beginning. Wilkes, who had lighted the blaze, fled to France and was legally outlawed, but the fire spread. Everywhere there seemed to be vigor and violence, and Wilkes leaped into the stature of a giant. He was elected to Parliament, elected alderman, and doubtless could have been elected king if that office was filled by Demos and his votes. Returning to London it was as though a national savior had appeared, and his progress was a triumphal procession. Men seized him, carried him shoulder high, pulled his carriage through the streets to Guildhall and the cry "Wilkes and Liberty" made the night a time of terror.

Meanwhile legal technicalities delayed matters, and there were misunderstandings and entanglements. Difficult knots had to

be unraveled and much was to be set straight, things having been done that should not have been done by over-enthusiastic officials. But Wilkes, with the decision of the lesser case in mind, sued Lord Halifax for damages because of arrest under an illegal general warrant, and was awarded four thousand pounds damages. While that left the original charge of sedition and the publication of obscene matter undisposed of, an hysterical public, looking at appearances, saw Wilkes emerging victorious. He had, apparently, won over his enemies, and all other trials were

(Concluded on page 32)



Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages

It May Be an Arrow-Point, a Potshard or Rude Writings on the Face of the Rocks

By SAMUEL HUBBARD

Curator of Archeology, Oakland Public Museum.

marks have been forgotten. The whole country has an unfamiliar look and you know you have never been there before. You stand as a primitive man in a primitive wilderness, with only one link connecting you with safety, civilization and home; and that is the back-track.

Back-tracking Man through the Ages is something like that. A broken arrow-point, a shard of pottery, a circle of stones with a tell-tale bit of charcoal, spell a human home with a fire, and so bit by bit and piece by

now deserts, and queer animals were then abundant which have long since become extinct. Forests of giant trees decked the mountain sides, and all that is now left of them is their petrified trunks of colored stone, bearing mute witness to their former splendor.

There is a striking analogy between the "stream of humanity" and a great river system, and as the trail we are following will lead us into the Grand Cañon region, we will use the Colorado River as an example of what is meant.

Just as the mighty Colorado River rises in some misty mountain in the unseen distance, and augmented by rills, brooks, springs, creeks, rivulets, rivers and tributaries, fights its way downward through rocks and rapids, through gorges and stupendous cañons to the peaceful plains, and finally mingle its tawny flood with the waters of the ocean, so the "human stream" comes from some misty mountain of the past.

First as individuals, as hunters and herdsmen, then as families, clans, tribes, nations and finally empires, this

human stream comes roaring down the ages. Fighting its way against wild beasts, and against each other; against cold and hunger; against flood and drought; against fire and famine and pestilence. Down through the great cañons of the ages, this human stream is endeavoring to reach the "plains of peace" which stand by the "ocean of eternity."

Just as the river is made of drops of water, so this human river is made of people. Just as the molecules of water are hydrogen and oxygen, so the molecules of this other river are Man and Woman. "Male and female created He them." These unite to replenish the stream and thus keep it flowing forever.

The question naturally arises, what have these people of the past to do with us of the present? The answer is very definite. We now know that our bodies are composed of billions of cells which reproduce each other continually without conscious volition on our part. All these cells are manufactured by our own bodies except (Concluded on page 22)

Upper left—Chalking carvings under the rostrum of the high priest. Circle—Temple carved on cliff at Grapevine Canon.

The Story of a Man Who Became a Dietetic Anarchist and Felt Much Better After Indiscriminate Raids on the Family Refrigerator

A MAN'S best friend is his stomach. Also his worst enemy.

It seems strange that, although we own our own stomachs, we do not control them. They are constantly doing things we don't approve of, and getting us into all sorts of difficulties. A conference of doctors sitting on a man's stomach is the symbol of our gastronomical cowardice.

Food is the raw material of our discontent; it sustains us in our errors. It is constantly being thrust at us from all points of the compass; and we haven't the heart, or the stomach, to refuse.

I spent ten years of my life trying to gain ten pounds, and the rest of my life trying to lose them.

A man will go to six doctors, each of whom will diagnose his case and give him a typewritten diet list. These lists will all be different, although by all of them his trouble is declared the same. From these lists he will compile an ideal diet. He will live on this diet for three days, and will then get up at three o'clock in the morning with a gnawing pain, sneak down the back stairs to the refrigerator, eat everything in sight, and get well.

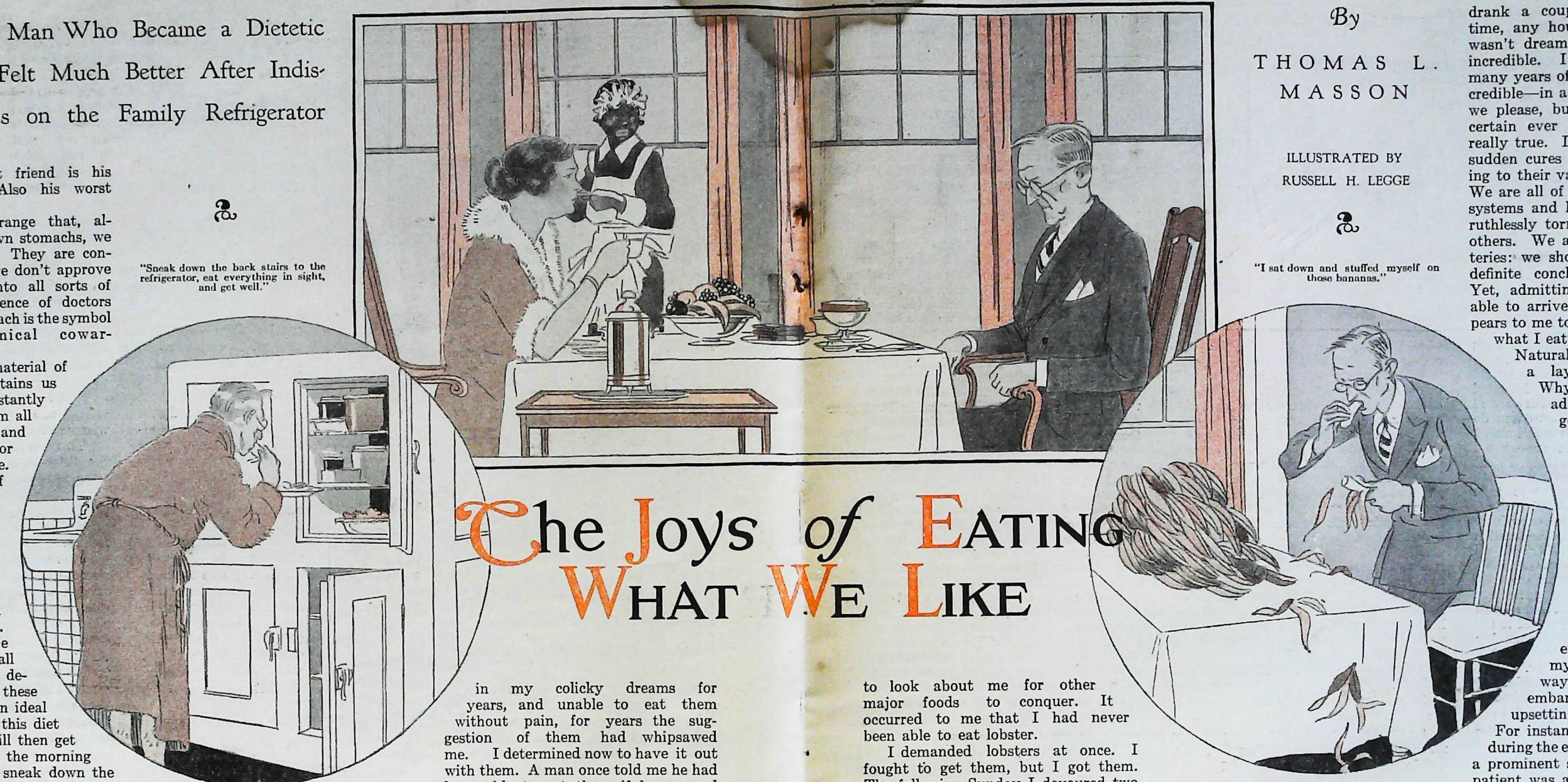
There were two things I never could take, namely, bananas and coffee. Every time I ate a banana I curled up and passed out. Every time I drank coffee, which was every day, I felt worse, until at the end of a period of about three weeks, I would be laid up with a stomach attack. I accepted these attacks with composure, looked forward to them with a certain pre-meditated joy and would have been disappointed if they didn't come off. You can dramatize your stomach just as much as you can a set of flowing alfalfa whiskers, assuming that those adornments are in style (and I hear they are coming back, probably to offset the bobbed hair).

When I took a banana, of which I was passionately fond, I would say: "I know this is going to kill me, but what's a few gripes?" Similarly, I would summon what endurance I possessed to withstand the attack.

I had everything there was that any man has, who has a stomach, and more. During these intervals of utter collapse, I had tried every system of

February 13, 1926

By

THOMAS L.
MASSONILLUSTRATED BY
RUSSELL H. LEGGE

The Joys of EATING WHAT WE LIKE

in my colicky dreams for years, and unable to eat them without pain, for years the suggestion of them had whipsawed me. I determined now to have it out with them. A man once told me he had been able to eat them if he scraped them after removing the wrapper. I had tried that but it was no use.

The bunch I bought was ripe, I will say that for it. I determined, however, to eat them, green, blue or purple.

I sat down and stuffed myself on those bananas. I am weak on statistics, but my recollection is that the first day I got away with eighteen.

At luncheon on that first day I ordered two cups of coffee. My poor wife, horrified, tried her best to stop me. But I had nerved myself up to the ordeal. With me it was do or die.

Looking back on this adventure, I can now state with perfect truth that it took sublime courage to make that first plunge. I had accepted the possibilities and was fully prepared to pass out before night, with all my colors nailed to the mast. To my astonishment and delight I experienced the first real comfort I had had for months. Not only did the bananas and coffee—along with other reckless things—agree with me perfectly but they appeared to be the one particular combination I had been waiting for all my life. Then, like Alexander, I began

to look about me for other major foods to conquer. It occurred to me that I had never been able to eat lobster.

I demanded lobsters at once. I fought to get them, but I got them. The following Sunday I devoured two large ones with dressing I made myself, of olive oil, mustard and vinegar. I went to bed that night and slept like a baby. For almost as many years as I could remember, I had never slept through a night without pain. I had been pronounced guilty of acute acidosis, fallen stomach, adhesions, ulcers, et cetera, yet here I was getting away with murder in the form of lobsters, bananas and coffee.

In the face of a tortured experience extending over many years, here was a miracle happening not only before my eyes but inside of me. It is quite impossible to describe the exhilarating effect which comes with the release from a thralldom like this. Something mysterious, evidently all-powerful, had happened, and yet the cause was by no means plain. Of course, I had seen and talked with many persons who ate what they pleased, never gave it a thought and were strong and healthy. But here was a case of chronic indigestion, extending over a long period of time, which had baffled at least twenty specialists, and which suddenly disappeared in defiance of every known rule. The only thing

which the doctors were agreed upon was that I was tubercular (I had come near dying of tuberculosis, having previously been given up by seven doctors). I had led a sedentary so-called brain worker's life and there was not enough resistance to overcome the effect of certain foods. I had been regulated beyond measure, had played golf by prescription, slept outdoors, had my predetermined food weighed and my hours of sleep carefully scheduled. During all this time I had managed to recover from the lung trouble, so severe that one-half of one lung was gone and one hemorrhage after another had kept me guessing. Yet in spite of all this I had kept going, nearly always in pain, the tuberculosis occurring twenty years ago and the affair with the bananas six years later: that is to say, for fourteen years after I had recovered from the tuberculosis I still had acute indigestion until suddenly—within 24 hours—it left me.

For the first week after my release I went about in a dazed state: whenever I felt like it I ate a banana and

drank a couple cups of coffee—any time, any hour—just to make sure I wasn't dreaming. The thing seemed incredible. I may say now, after so many years of release, it still seems incredible—in a way. We may say what we please, but no one of us is quite certain ever that what he thinks is really true. Doctors account for these sudden cures in various ways, according to their various schools and beliefs. We are all of us building up rules and systems and laws, only to have them ruthlessly torn down and replaced by others. We are confronted with mysteries: we should go slow in forming definite conclusions about anything. Yet, admitting all this I have been able to arrive at something which appears to me to be sound with regard to what I eat.

Naturally, no doctor admits that a layman knows anything. Why should he? If he did admit it, he would have to go out of business. Besides, it is reasonable to suppose that a doctor who spends from four to eight years in studying knows more than one who hasn't. The main difficulty lies in the fact that there is always something beyond the sphere of merely physical observation and research which no doctor can ever get at: and this mysterious something is always stepping in at the most embarrassing moment and upsetting the whole treatment.

For instance, I recall quite vividly during the early part of the war having a prominent surgeon tell me that if a patient was a cigaret smoker and had been operated upon, they had discovered that it was better practice to let him have cigarettes, rather than to withhold them. It was a habit and to interrupt a habit like that put an additional strain on—what?—well, I suppose on the patient's morale.

It is not uncommon for a number of doctors, each one observing a patient, to arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions and to prescribe opposite systems of diet. Beyond this physical line is that mysterious realm of thought and feeling and it is within this realm—or because of it—that the charlatan works. It was one of those "tried-everything-else" cases with which most of us are familiar. But in this instance I had merely abandoned everything, resolved to do or die.

And when upon the vantage ground I found myself, with apparently a safe margin, I sat down and thought about it calmly, to see if I could discover what it was that had cured me. I then came, quite slowly, to the conclusion which so startled me, namely: that there never had been anything the matter with me. I had

been imposed upon all my life by a set of conventions each one of which had added to my fears. My reason for thinking this was based upon a simple and, to me, quite obvious fact, that what we are afraid of is the thing that gets us because we are afraid of it. Then, again, when I began to question calmly some of the statements made, I saw quite plainly that they were guesses and could not be proved by any known system of logic. I had been told that ice water was bad for the digestion. One of the most prominent doctors in Boston denied this in a book. One man told me that rich cream in coffee was bad because it coagulated, et cetera. How did he know? We know, of course, the effect of certain chemical changes, but we do not know how they affect the temperament in human beings. The moment anyone told me I was not to eat a certain thing, I went out and ate it at once.

What I really discovered was this: Owing to the conventions imposed upon us, a system of living which is good enough for the average doesn't take into consideration the feelings and requirements of exceptional persons and this leads us to eat too often when we are not hungry and not to eat when we are hungry. For example, if I came home at night, after a hard day's work, and refused to eat, my wife immediately jumped to the conclusion that I was "fixing" for another attack. I would, therefore, eat what I didn't want to appease her anxiety.

But just as soon as I had established the fact that my feelings were the only and best guide for my stomach, then I faced my wife with the facts. It took some time to convince her that when I just sat at the table and ate nothing at all, I was quite all right. As soon as she discovered, however, that I was very much easier to live with than before, that I had no more attacks, she fell into line with astonishing rapidity.

I then put into effect this rule of never eating when I was not hungry and of eating



"I will consume great quantities of food while I am working."

what I wanted when I was hungry. Occasionally one has to break this rule in company, but, when the family understands, it can be followed very well, and without embarrassment. I frequently go for a day without food, or on some days I will eat five meals. I agree with Arnold Bennett that the amount of food one eats depends upon how much brain work a man is doing. If, for example, I am writing a long story, I will consume great quantities of food of all sorts while I am working. But the period of relaxation immediately succeeding means no appetite at all.

I believe the generally accepted statement that we eat too much food is good only in this way: that we eat too much at the wrong time, and probably too little at the right time, just because the recollection of how we suffered from overfeeding at the wrong time affects us.

It is not easy at first to be guided solely by one's feelings. But it comes with experience.

In my case I was easily able to do twice the work I did before, with ease.

So that, after all, what we eat and how much we eat is governed by circumstances, and in turn these circumstances should be governed by common sense.

It is not so much what we eat as when we eat it. Food, like medicine, must, to be effective, be taken at the right time.



"It is not uncommon for a number of doctors, each one observing a patient, to arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions and to prescribe opposite systems of diet."

Shall Aliens Be Registered?

(Concluded from page 5)

ment of witnesses because of circumstances not otherwise detrimental to themselves or to the interests of the Government.

The enrollment plan would provide the contact now lacking between the foreign-born resident and the Government. It would mean protection to the alien from the wiles and schemes of the nationals of his own country and those born here, who, as we all know, frequently bleed the foreign-born at every turn. The co-operation of committees and the establishment of places where official, reliable, correct information is obtainable would benefit each individual. Education in the language, methods, ideals, and traditions of America means increased efficiency and attendant advantages to the alien, local community, state and nation and the world.

Enrollment would diminish the effect of propaganda by irresponsible agents of anarchism, communism and the like because the foreign-born would better understand American principles and, understanding them, would realize the folly of Red radical doctrines. At the same time it would reveal the existence of these sinister influences and aid us in our endeavor to rid the country of foreign-born agitators of that character.

I might detail at great length the activities which could be engaged in or approved by the Government to assist the alien in his struggle in this new country. Time and space, however, do not permit of inexhaustive treatment of the subject. The objective to be reached is the assimilation as rapidly as possible of this army of unnaturalized foreign-born. By assimilate, I mean not only to take through the process of naturalization, but to vest with an intelligent citizenship, each citizen understanding fully the obligations as well as the rights of that status and having a whole-hearted reverence for our institutions.

"Why and Because"

WHY do we use the expression "apple pie order" when we mean that things are exactly in their right places?

Because every Saturday a certain Puritan dame, Hepzibah Merton, made a practice of baking two or three dozen apple pies which were to last her family through the week. She labeled each according to the day of the week on which it was to be used, and the pantry, thus arranged, was said to be in apple pie order.

Why is an unmarried woman called a spinster?

Because women were prohibited from marrying in olden days until they spun a full set of bed furnishings and thus, until marriage, they spent much time at the spinning wheel and were, therefore, "spinsters."

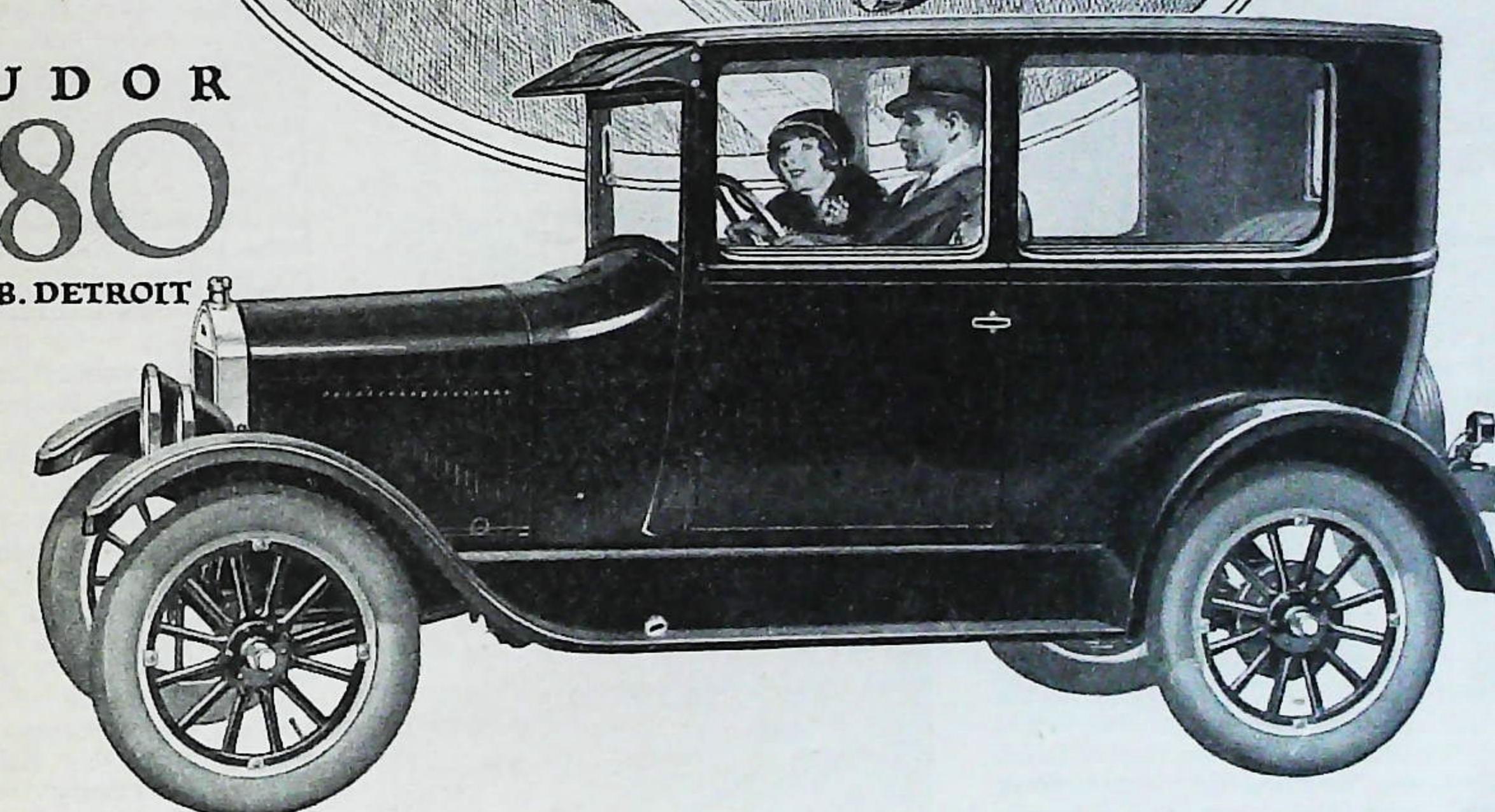
Why do clergymen habitually wear black?

Because when Martin Luther, in 1524, laid aside the habit of a monk and adopted the style of dress prevailing at the time, the Elector of Saxony used to send to him from time to time pieces of black cloth, that color then being fashionable at the court. Luther's disciples thought because he wore black, it became them to do so, and thus it came about that the clergy generally grew to regard it as the only proper color for them to wear.

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Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

(Continued from page 3)

denying to him similar information regarding our own forces. It should be apparent without argument that the Navy must have its own aircraft to accomplish this purpose, particularly when it is recalled that the Navy's sphere of action is often far from shore bases.

The principal type of plane used in the "Service of Information" at sea is called a "Scouting Plane." This type of plane is large and of moderate flying speed to obtain the greatest radius of action. Most of these planes are fitted to be used also as bombers or as torpedo planes after the enemy has been found. Because of the great size and weight of scouting planes, it is impossible to operate them except from airplane carriers, or from land or sheltered waters.

After the enemy has been located and the fleets are approaching sight contact, detailed information may be sought by smaller, faster planes of the "observation" type, or, possibly even by "fighting" planes.

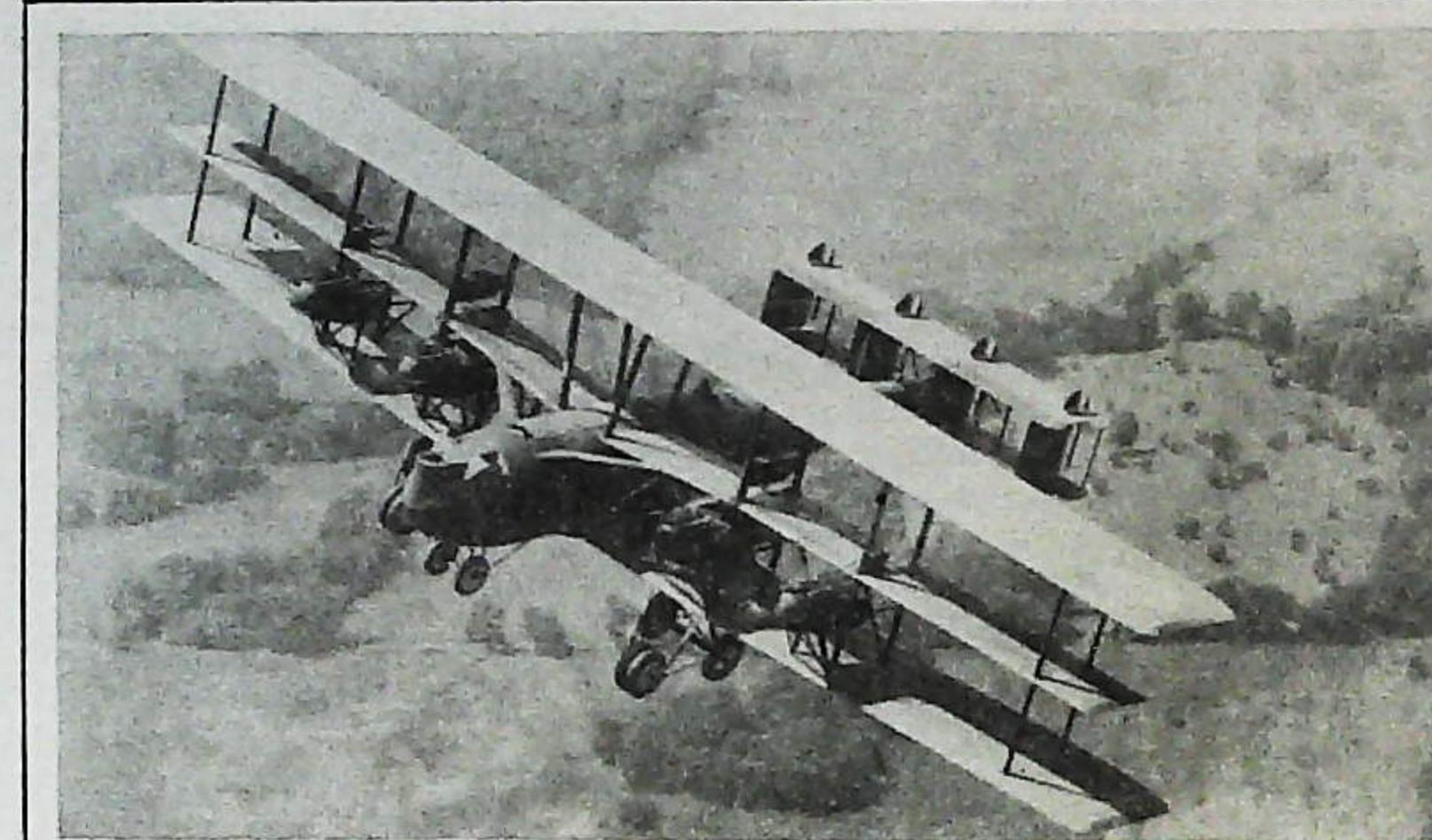
In the "Service of Information" lighter-than-air craft of the rigid airship type may also prove of service. These airships, like the *Shenandoah*, have much greater radius of action than have heavier-than-air craft. Also, because of the buoyancy of the gas with which they are filled, they can slow or even stop their engines and drift.

But because of enormous size, comparatively slow speed, and consequent lack of maneuverability, they are vulnerable to attack by heavier-than-air craft, unless they can escape by rising to an altitude above the ceiling of the attacking planes, or be adequately protected by fighting planes assigned to that responsibility.

By control of gunfire, as the term is here used, is meant the determination of errors of range and azimuth to be applied to the gun sights to bring the center of impact of the shells upon the target. The major caliber guns of American battleships are fired by a single key. Such firing is called "salvo firing." When a salvo is fired, eight to twelve major caliber projectiles start simultaneously for the target. Because of small variations in powder pressure and other irremediable causes, all of these projectiles do not strike the water (or target) at the same point. At long ranges the dispersion in range may be as much as 1,000 to 1,500 yards.

As modern battleships may open fire at ranges in excess of 25,000 yards, it is essential that means be provided to estimate the errors with greater accuracy than is possible from the control station on the mast. At the maximum ranges the hull of the enemy ship may, from this station, be below the horizon. It is plain that increased elevation for the observer is required if accuracy is to be increased. Here is where aircraft come in.

The type of plane generally used at sea for this purpose is



(C) International Newsreel
Bombing plane (Barling's design), one of the largest of its kind. Bombing planes, as well as torpedo planes, are used prominently to destroy ships or bases.

known as the observation plane. It is usually a small, comparatively fast, two-seater plane. The two seats permit it to carry, in addition to the pilot, an observer whose sole duty it is to observe the fall of the projectiles from the guns and to report to the firing ship, by radio, the correction in range and azimuth to be applied to the sights to bring the next salvo on the target. Priority in establishing the correct range may be a determining factor in victory. A superiority of volume of fire is valuable only when it is accurately controlled. The aviation arm must, therefore, be sufficiently powerful to insure the effective airplane control of major caliber gunfire and to deny such control to the enemy.

Effective superiority in fighting planes used as an element of defensive power will deny to the enemy information of our fleet, prevent the effective use of enemy bombing and torpedo planes, and prevent enemy interference with our aerial control of gun-

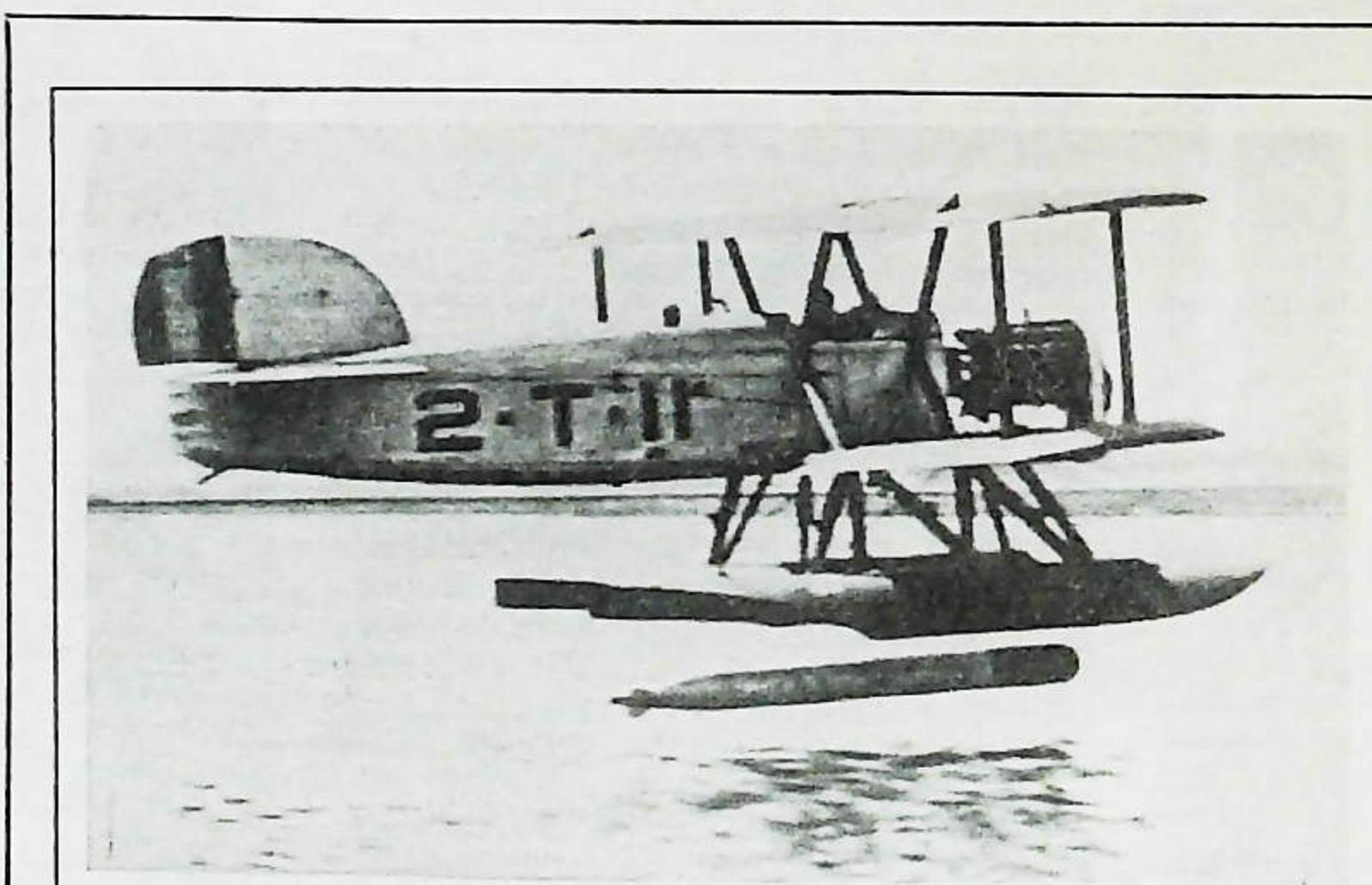
fire and bombing or torpedo plane operations. Such superiority when used as an offensive element will prevent the effective use of aircraft by the enemy in the control of gunfire or in bombing and torpedo attacks.

The ideal fighting plane is one which can overtake any enemy plane and has such maneuvering ability as to insure success in combat. To a fleet which is superior in surface craft and submarines, the fighting plane, probably, is the most important type of aircraft.

Bombing, torpedo, and fighting planes are the types which constitute the aviation element of offensive power. The fighting plane is used primarily to destroy aircraft and aviation personnel; bombing and torpedo planes to destroy ships or bases.

In the value to be placed upon the bombing and torpedo planes as an offensive element for the destruction of material and personnel lies the widest divergence of opinion between the Independent Air Service adherents and the more experienced officers of the Army and Navy. Naturally, the principal use of these types of planes at sea is the destruction of ships, for the loss of a ship entails both material and personnel loss. Unfortunately the difference of opinion is not susceptible of elimination by bombing tests.

The Navy does not contend that ships cannot be sunk by bombs from aircraft any more than it contends that they cannot be sunk by torpedoes from submarines or destroyers, or by mines. The Navy has provided for its own use bomb-



Official Navy Photo.
An unusual glimpse at a torpedo plane in action, the photographer being just in time to show one of the torpedoes being dropped.

ing planes and torpedo planes, as well as submarines and destroyers. Bombing and torpedo planes may prove to be valuable in augmenting the offensive strength of fleets and should be provided as may be required for such purposes, but there is as yet no assurance that these types of planes have made surface warships obsolete for the performance of the Navy's mission.

The Navy is conservative. The navigation of ships through fogs, storms, and variable ocean currents soon leads the mariner to conservatism and to the practice of getting a definite "fix" from which to set a new course.

National defense is too important to be placed in the hands of radicals. Radicalism is dangerous. If it means discarding proved methods for those which are yet to be proved, and for which there is no justification in experience, it might easily be disastrous.

The conservatism of the Navy has resulted in a sure development of aviation, in the course of which each problem arising

has been given careful consideration. In the development of aviation since the war, no agency has done more to assist than has the Navy, and none is more interested in its future development.

While the development in aviation and the construction of aircraft carriers has not advanced as rapidly as many desired, the limitation has been due primarily to reduced appropriations and the large amount of experimental work required. More liberal appropriations for naval aviation will produce more rapid development but the additional funds must not be obtained at a serious sacrifice of efficiency in some other arm. In this connection, however, it must be borne in mind that the Navy Department is responsible for maintaining the Navy in readiness for war whenever it may come, whether tomorrow or twenty years hence. Also that in allocating funds in time of peace, preference to some extent must be given those necessities which require the longest time to procure.

The truth is that while aeronautics in the Navy has not progressed so rapidly as the Navy desires, it has progressed faster than in any other Navy and is progressing with increasing acceleration as its operation as a naval arm becomes standardized. From the viewpoint of the Navy, there is no justification for the belief that progress would be accelerated or operating efficiency increased by depriving the Navy of control of its own aircraft.

Naval aviation is an indispensable arm of the Navy and should be of adequate

strength to meet all contingencies:

(a) To gain information of the strength, disposition and movements of enemy naval forces while denying to the enemy like information of our naval forces;

(b) To insure airplane control of naval major caliber gunfire while denying like control to the enemy;

(c) To prevent the effective operation over the sea of enemy bombing and torpedo planes;

(d) To insure the effective use of bombing planes and torpedo planes in sufficient numbers to counteract any deficiency in other forms of offensive strength.

Let us discuss in greater detail the limitations of aircraft which have a vital bearing upon their value in national defense, and also some of the claims made for aviation by certain enthusiasts.

The most serious limitations of airplanes which affect their use in national defense are: small carrying capacity; inability to remain in the air in case of engine failure or fuel exhaustion; difficulty of navigation;

engaged in control of gunfire, the two-seater plane is the standard. Observation must be constant and radio communication rapid and accurate. It is impractical for the pilot to manage the plane, and to observe and perform the radio communication duties with the required accuracy. In the larger planes of the "scouting," "torpedo," and "bombing" types the personnel is usually increased to three or five.

In the round-the-world flight large planes were flown by two persons. As both members of the crew were pilots they could relieve each other in flying the plane. Fuel tanks in large planes provide for the maximum available weight of fuel, but when such planes are carrying bombs or torpedoes the fuel tanks cannot be filled to capacity.

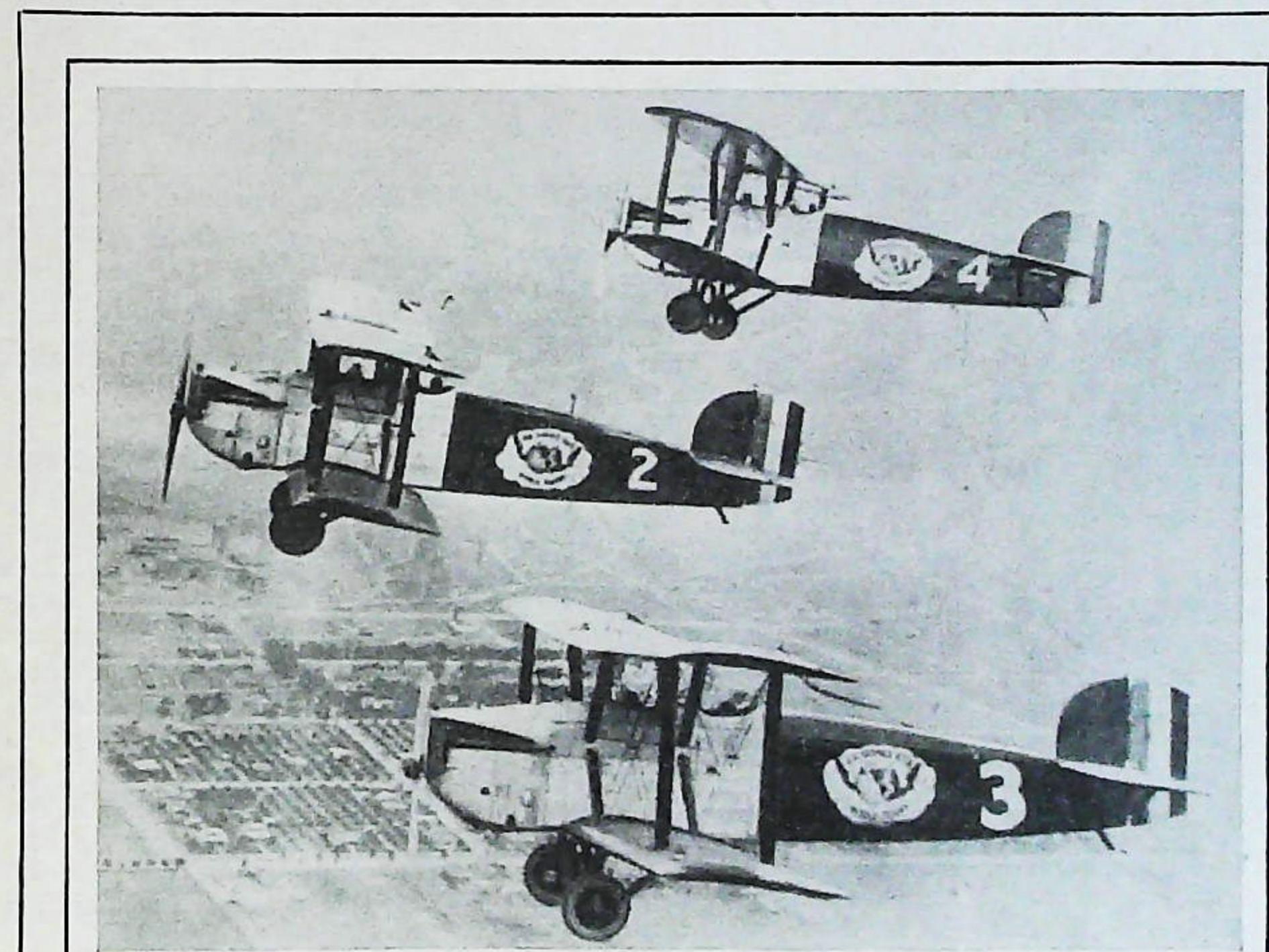
Fuel must be assigned a due proportion of weight, taking into consideration the personnel required for operation and the weight of the weapons to be carried. A reduction in operating personnel or weight of weapons permits, temporarily, an increase in fuel. It is under these conditions peculiar to

peace operations that the long-distance records are established. It is only in the planes of the bombing and torpedo type that the weight of the weapons have a decisive effect upon ceiling and radius of action. Ceiling is the altitude to which the plane can climb.

The radius of action of a large plane carrying a 2,000-pound bomb will be very much less than that of the same plane carrying no bomb but an additional 2,000 pounds of fuel and lubricants. In discussions of the radius of action of bombing planes, therefore, it is essential to consider whether the plane is operating under war conditions (carrying bombs), or carrying additional fuel to make a peace record.

Because of the small space and weight available for carrying stores, spare parts, and essential operating instruments and equipment, neither seaplanes nor land planes are self-sustaining and more than any other type of fighting craft are dependent upon shore bases, or upon floating mobile bases such as aircraft tenders or aircraft carriers.

Records established by planes under favorable peace conditions are sometimes reported in such a manner as to create false impressions as to their war capabilities. We are told that there are in existence planes which can fly two thousand miles at a rate of more than a hundred miles an hour, and carry a four-thousand-pound bomb. The misrepresentation in this statement is this: although the plane may be able to fly two thousand miles without bombs, or get off the ground and possibly fly an hour with



America's world fliers passing majestically over the State of California, after completion of the first round-the-world trip.

a four-thousand-pound bomb, it cannot, as one might be led to believe, fly two thousand miles while carrying a four-thousand-pound bomb.

The radius of action of airplanes carrying an effective military load is limited. Fighting planes have the shortest radius; scouting planes carrying no bombs the longest. The bombing and torpedo planes may at present be considered as limited in operation to a radius of approximately two hundred and fifty miles from base for *Some of the Dangers Met by Land and Sea* a plane carrying more than one thousand pounds of bombs and to approximately five hundred miles from base for a plane carrying one thousand pounds or less.

While there can be no denying the improvement in the reliability of aircraft engines, the record of airplane crashes in our daily papers testifies to the fact that they are far from perfect. Failure of one airplane engine, in all but a few specially designed planes, necessitates landing. In flying over land, as most of the flying is done today, there is, in case of a forced landing, usually a chance of finding an open field upon which the pilot can land without fatal results, but in flying over the sea, although safe landings can generally be made with seaplanes, the action of the sea may soon destroy the effectiveness of the plane. Only under favorable conditions can a seaplane "take off" in the open sea.

In over-sea flights in time of peace the Navy has detailed many surface ships to patrol the routes of the flyers. Such precautions cannot be taken during war, and a plane that comes down on the sea with a disabled engine or exhausted fuel is very apt to be lost. In recent maneuvers with the fleet both Army and Navy aviators have bravely accepted this risk in order to test aviation in the simulation of war, but even in these exercises aircraft have been restricted in their operations to reduce the danger of loss of life.

The experience of Locatelli and the almost miraculous escape from disaster of our round-the-world flyers, who in their flight to Labrador fortunately sighted land through a rift in the fog shortly before their fuel was exhausted, and the experience of the Hawaiian flight, indicate the danger of exhaustion of fuel while over the sea, and of the difficulty of navigation of aircraft.

Over land, in clear weather, aircraft can navigate by observing rivers, railroads, roads, cities, towns, and prominent characteristics of the land. Over the sea there are no objects which can be used to check one's position, and aviators out of sight of

There Are Certain Limitations in the Airplane land are forced to use observations of heavenly bodies, as do the mariners. When

fogs obscure the heavens or objects below, as it frequently does, aircraft at sea becomes valueless for purposes of observation and can be navigated only with the utmost difficulty and danger.

The difficulties of navigating the air over the sea are greatly increased by several additional factors as well, such as:

(a) The speed of the aircraft, which makes necessary the rapid determination of position.

(b) The rapidity and variability of wind currents with which the aviator drifts, and his inability to determine these by observing fixed objects, as when flying over land.

(c) The unreliability of the airplane compass, due to the difficulty of compensat-

ing the magnetic compass and to the impracticability of carrying a gyroscopic compass because of its weight. A new type of compass is under trial, which, if successful, may remove or reduce this difficulty.

(d) The inability to stop, or anchor, in case of doubt as to position, a recourse to which ships resort when necessary.

The experience of Amundsen in his recent polar flight, besides demonstrating the danger of landing in any but smooth water, likewise illustrates the difficulty of navigation. It will be remembered that when he checked his position by observations after landing he found he had been set well off his course and that his actual position was fifty or sixty miles from his estimated position.

Although the most radical air service proponents claim that aircraft can operate in any weather conditions, such statement must be considered to mean they can fly in any weather conditions. Even the most radical would hardly state that they can carry out their war functions in any weather.

During the round-the-world flight the aviators were seriously delayed by weather conditions; one plane was lost due to forced landing at sea caused by engine failure, and one by the difficulties of navigation.

Aircraft are made as light as consistent with a reasonable degree of safety. They are, therefore, subject to rapid deterioration in the operations of war. They require extensive overhaul and repair.

Aircraft require well-equipped bases and trained personnel for efficient maintenance. In over-sea operations these can be provided only by surface ships; that is, aircraft carriers, aircraft tenders, or store-

ships carrying necessary equipment for bases to be established on shore.

When pressed for an explanation as to what was lost. But

Lessons Learned From the Round-the-World Trip

most of the delay was due to adverse weather conditions, which not only interfered with flying but frequently interfered with fueling and overhauling. On several occasions the planes were saved from disaster only by the heroic work of their crews and that of the Coast Guard Cutter *Haida*.

This statement of the difficulties of the round-the-world flyers is not made in a critical vein. It was a wonderful trip, requiring the greatest ability, endurance, and heroism. But, if specially designed planes with the best picked personnel, at the most favorable time of the year, with maximum assistance from surface ships, arrive at a destination but 4,800 miles away with only seventy-five per cent of the force after a lapse of more than twelve times the actual flying time, what is the chance of aircraft conducting operations across the Pacific or any other sea without assistance from surface ships? And how effective would these operations be?

This theory is as full of holes as a sieve. First: islands in strings suitable for such operations do not exist in many parts of the world; and in many places, where they do exist, they are unavailable due to weather conditions.

Second: such a chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

A Chain Just as Strong as Its Weakest Link

Hence the air force assigned to each island for protection would

have to be stronger than the air force which an enemy could bring against it by sea. If the enemy's naval aviation has been properly developed the offensive force would have to be at least five or six times as strong in order to hold the bases forming links of the chain, for the air force at each base in the chain must be stronger than the enemy's naval air force.

Third: the offensive force would be limited to one line of approach to the enemy territory, namely, via the chain of islands. The weakest form of strategical offensive is that limited to one line of operations, for the enemy is thus permitted to concentrate his entire defense. This limitation to one line of approach destroys

and teamwork will be efficient only when all the elements of the team have common doctrines and standard practice and are operated under one command.

The proponents of an Independent Air Service believe that the co-operation can be effective without the aviators having special training as naval officers. This theory has been tried in Great Britain, and has failed. As a result of the failure, new instructions have been issued which

A Theory as Full of Holes as a Sieve require that all aircraft observers and seventy per cent of all pilots operating with the Navy shall be naval officers.

If the Navy is to meet the demand for trained aviation personnel, the number of graduates from the Naval Academy must be increased. The percentage of officers to enlisted personnel in aviation is much higher than in any other arm of the Army or Navy. By training these officers as naval officers as well as aviators a use can be found for them after they are too old to continue on flight duty.

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the advantage of the initiative as to place of attack and route of approach, both of which are available to aircraft operating with the fleet. Trying to conduct air operations overseas via a string of islands would be the operation which would please an enemy the most. One great advantage of attack from the sea is the chance of surprise due to possibility of various routes and objectives.

If the strategy of conducting a war by aircraft alone operating via a string of islands is to be employed in the future it is certain that there should be a separate air staff, for no Army or Navy staff could approve such erroneous strategy.

It appears, from the Navy's point of view, to be clearly demonstrated that:

(1) Aircraft at present have little influence on operations conducted at distances of more than several hundred miles from their mobile or fixed bases.

(2) Effective operations of aircraft overseas are dependent upon mobile air bases (surface ships designed as aircraft carriers or aircraft tenders), or on over-sea shore air bases, supplies and equipment for which can be transported in anything like adequate quantities only by surface ships.

(3) The difficulty of navigation of aircraft materially restricts their availability for operations over large areas at sea, and their ability to concentrate for operations at distant points at sea, except through the co-operation and under the protection of armed and armored vessels.

Reduced to their essence, the proposals of the more radical air enthusiasts would, if carried out, defeat their own ends by abolishing the very protection of naval arms and armament necessary to enable an air force to operate in distant areas overseas. Granting the great value of aircraft for coast defense, and in the performance of functions for which they are suited, it must be apparent to anyone that aviation in its present state of development is neither self-sufficient nor superior to other branches of the national defense. It ranks properly as an arm of the Army and Navy.

There has been a persistent attempt by the advocates of an Independent Air Service to discredit the battleship. History, through the galley, sail and steam ages, has demonstrated the value of ships of maximum power, but we are told that aviation has caused a change and the battleship is no longer of value.

Let us analyze the situation which would exist in case all fighting ships were abolished. During war foreign trade is essential first to bring to our shores the raw materials we require for weapons, munitions and food; and, second, to retain markets for our exports on which we must depend for money and exchange for materials we require. Trade routes extend to all parts of the globe. We cannot protect all of these routes by aircraft.

Even if all fighting ships had been abolished, the first move would be to arm all merchant ships. The nation having the largest and fastest merchant ships would withdraw these from commerce and arm them with as many guns as they could carry, to operate against enemy merchant shipping.

It must be kept in mind that if combatant ships are abolished the merchant marine becomes the Navy. Are we willing to accept our relative merchant marine strength as our ratio of naval strength? If not, we must have fighting ships, and if we have fighting ships, we must have the types which are effective in the attainment of victory on the sea.

Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages

(Concluded from page 15)

one set. The sex cells are given to us by our parents. We did not manufacture them, we inherited them.

Regarding the antiquity of man, however, we have more definite knowledge. H. G. Wells, in his *Outline of History*, says:

"Such knowledge of the earliest men as we have, for example, is almost entirely got from a few caves into which they went and in which they left their traces. Until the hard Pleistocene times they lived and died in the open, and their bodies were consumed or decayed altogether."

"All the human remains in America, even the earliest, it is to be noted, are of an American-Indian character. In America there does not seem to have been any preceding races of sub-men. Man was fully man when he entered America. The Old World was the nursery of the sub-races of mankind."

This last statement that Mr. Wells makes about prehistoric man in America was the generally accepted idea at the time it was written. But in the past three or four years the "records of the rocks" have been more thoroughly examined and the disclosures they make are so startling and revolutionary that we may, and probably will have to, revise all of our accepted theories. Instead of America being the "New World" it may prove to be, geologically at least, the "Old World."

The attitude of the average scientist in this matter is reflected by Professor Ales Hrdlicka who writes on the "Origin and Antiquity of the American Indian," in the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1923*. On page 485 he says: "The anthropologist of today knows definitely that man evolved from the nearer primates; there is abundant material evidence to that effect, regardless of other considerations. These primates must naturally have approached man in all important respects, a condition that could be realized only by the most advanced anthropoid apes; but the existence of such forms in America is very doubtful."

Because there were no anthropoid apes in America he assumes that man could not have originated here. Instead, a few Mongol tribes dribbled across Bering Strait, and, finding a manless region, they quickly populated the whole country and became the progenitors of the American Indians. And now comes a Western scientist, making an independent investigation, who boldly proclaims, apes or no apes, that the white race originated in Western North America. And he is beginning to believe that the Chinese people originated here also. He believes this white race established the Maya Civilization and constructed the pyramids, temples and altars which dot Mexico and Yucatan, and that they invaded Asia and Europe by way of the sunken continent of Lemuria, the mountain tops of which are the numerous islands scattered through the Pacific Ocean.

The discoveries of the Doheny Scientific Expedition into the Hava Supai Cañon in Northern Arizona, as told in some detail in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of June 6, 1925, would seem to indicate that a race of people existed in America antedating the American Indians by several million years.

Evidence such as this along the "Trail" tends to confirm the belief of the leader of the Doheny Scientific Expedition that the symbols found in the Hava Supai Cañon are the most ancient records of man so far found in the world.

When Cortez asked Montezuma who built the palaces in the City of Mexico, and the pyramids on the plains, he replied, "Los Toltecs," meaning "the Builders." In other words a race of people preceding the Aztecs.

When we asked the Supai Indians, who made the inscriptions on the walls of their cañon, they replied "Couda-pah" meaning "people a long time dead."

Aside from the discoveries in the Supai Cañon, is there any basis for the belief that man may have originated in America? Captain Alan Le Baron, a trained Egyptologist, is working on the theory that the plateau, roughly occupied by the State of Nevada, is the oldest land on earth. There are geological maps which show that the area in question was an island, some forty million years ago. At that time the Gulf of Mexico was connected through to the Arctic Ocean. And because from that time to the present day this land has never been submerged under the sea, he argues it is the logical place to look for the origin of man, for the reason that his development has not been interrupted by any of the cataclysms of Nature.

Confirming this he finds Egyptian, Babylonian and Maya characters inscribed on the walls and in the caves of Nevada. And strangest of all, Chinese characters of a pre-Manchu dynasty. As an indication of the great age of these, at the base of one carved cliff, an excavation 22 feet deep into cemented gravel did not reach the bottom of the carvings. Dr. John Endicott Gardner, author of Chinese dictionaries and authority on the languages of the Orient, identified these marks as the oldest Chinese writing yet found in the world.

For more than 3,000 years the Chinese have been seeking the origin of their own writing, and Dr. Gardner says that the Nevada characters are closer in resemblance to the most ancient form of symbols preserved in China, than the characters now in use by the Chinese people. He further asserts that this discovery is one of the greatest contributions to philology the world has ever known.

In Captain Le Baron's own words, "If man is a product of evolution, then the logical place to seek the first trace of him would be in that part of the world where Evolution could be carried on over many millions of years uninterrupted, and under climatic conditions favorable to his growth. A geological check of the whole world showed that there is but one such place, and that is the plateau of Nevada where my expedition uncovered a civilization of such archaic antiquity as to stagger the imagination.

"Subsequent discoveries proved beyond argument that Nevada and parts of California were inhabited prior to the Glacial Period by a race of people who were civilized to the extent of being able both to carve and paint on stone the events of their lives."

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The Fall of the House of Stinnes

An Account of the Rise of Germany's Greatest Industrial Combine and Its Final Surrender to the Alien Money-Lenders

By WALTER M. WOLFF

"Wie gewonnen, so zerronnen!" is an old German adage that could be most appropriately inscribed on the tombstone over the grave of the House of Stinnes. "Easy come, easy go."

JUST at a time when the name of Hugo Stinnes was becoming more and more a kind of talisman on the Old World's markets and in the counting rooms of the Continent, when the master organizer of Germany at the age of 54 years was planning to conquer ever greater spheres in commerce and industry, Death called a sudden halt to his designs. With the demise of the man who had assembled one of the most gigantic complexes of material wealth in the world, cracked and crumbled the intricate structure as if shaken by a terrific explosion. What this business genius had amassed with his remarkable prudence and foresight, as we shall observe, soon slipped away piece by piece through the less uncanny fingers of his heirs, into the eager arms of the real heirs—the all-powerful Semitic financiers of Germany.

The question has often been asked in discussing the phenomenal rise of Hugo Stinnes: How was it possible for one man to heap together such enormous wealth—wealth which at one time was estimated to run well into the many hundreds of millions of dollars? How was he able so easily to attract to himself the choicest chattels, and to secure an interest or control in the greatest industrial syndicates of Central Europe?

In the main the secret of Stinnes' colossal successes was as follows.

Scarcely had Germany begun to emerge from under the shock of the Armistice, and with the smoke of the Revolution of 1918 still hovering like a pall over the land, Stinnes left for more prosperous climes. Here he began to invest in industrial enterprises what was even at this early stage in his career a respectable private fortune. It was this capital deposited in Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, Russia, Roumania, Jugoslavia and other countries, at a time when his German funds still possessed an appreciable portion of their pre-war purchasing ability, that enabled Hugo Stinnes to lay the foundation for his sweeping invasion of Germany later on.

Most of Stinnes' fortune at this particular time consisted of war-profits which he had accumulated with the aid of his factories and mines in Germany, as one of the leading producers of war materials for the imperial government.

It is important to remember, however, that Stinnes had begun to prepare for peace in time of war. While he was still engaged in delivering iron, coal and finished products for the army, he bought up ships from German concerns which were mighty glad to get cash for their idle property. When, then, the war came to a close Stinnes found himself already well started on the road to normalcy, far ahead of his fellow countrymen. With the vessels of all kinds which he had purchased so cheaply he now set out to carry his products to the world markets, and in turn brought back the necessary rawstuffs for his industrial plants.

But Stinnes' good fortune had only begun. Soon the catastrophic fall of the mark had set in, and with the help of his steadily increasing income from his foreign enterprises Stinnes could now purchase property of great value in Germany for a mere song. It will be recalled that during this critical period in Germany's financial history anyone with reasonable amounts of foreign exchange in his possession could buy almost anything his heart desired in the Fatherland.

Before a man like Hugo Stinnes, however, with almost unlimited foreign resources at his disposal, Germany simply lay prostrate. And it was at this point that Stinnes first really began to make a name for himself.

Somehow the great business wizard fore-saw the ultimate fate of the German mark, and, contrary to his contemporaries who looked only through green spectacles and saw signs of economic improvement ahead, he firmly believed that sooner or later an inflation of the national currency was bound to come. In later years Stinnes maintained that he was as little responsible for the inflation fraud as any other single individual in Germany; it was merely a case of perceiving what was coming, and subsequently of adjusting one's affairs in accordance with prevailing conditions. Be that as it may, however, it will suffice to remark that Hugo Stinnes made the very

best use of his time and resources while the harvest was ripe.

Within an incredibly short time Stinnes owned timber reserves that supplied pulp for his own paper mills which furnished the paper for his own newspapers. Banks, insurance organizations, railroads, canals, mines, shops and what not came under his supervision, and he was soon able to link up his enormous organization as one complete and independent unit. His famous fusion with the great Siemens-Halske-Schukert Electric Corporation, for example, was for the purpose of realizing his chief ambition—namely, to produce everything from the raw material to the finished article. "From the coal to the incandescent lamp"—was the grand parole of Stinnes' super-trust.

It was, of course, only natural that the less politic bankers of the day, as we have already noted, continued to labor under the delusion that the country was heading toward stabilization or "normalcy," of which normalcy Stinnes was perhaps the most brilliant example. And so they speculated against him by letting him have all the credit he wanted, but in the end Stinnes' "hunch" won out. He held the valuable property and the countless shares of stock while the money-lenders sat holding worthless paper marks, their early optimism having proved sheer self-deception and pitiful illusion.

But the day finally came when Hugo Stinnes ceased to move among mortals, and scarcely was he departed than a great transformation took place in Germany. Almost overnight inflation and chaos gave way to stabilization and order. The German mark struck bottom, and the frantic people turned their backs on the detested millions and billions of paper nothingness. But the Stinnes heirs, thanks to their sagacious sire, found themselves in possession of an overwhelming assortment of *Sachwerte*—that is, goods having actual material or inherent value. Their inheritance was almost entirely in the form of tangible, usable substance, and it was all as good as gold or better. The main thing now was to continue in father's footsteps and try to take good care of the going concerns he had acquired.

When Hugo Stinnes died his vast estate was divided up principally between his two

sons, Hugo, Jr., and Dr. Edmund Stinnes, and his widow, Frau Claire. As so often happens, the sons did not possess their father's genius; they began to lose their grip, knowingly or unknowingly, but none the less surely, on the imposing accumulations of the father. They could not or did not find their way about among the manifold complexities and intricacies of the extraordinary industrial labyrinth which the senior knew so well.

As yet this is to entirely overlook the most important stage in our story. Indirectly the heirs were not to blame for their failure in retaining the vast estate. It was not very long after Hugo Stinnes' death that in spite of his almost unlimited material wealth, the shortage of what we call "ready cash" began to manifest itself in the ranks of his gigantic organization.

A trust of Stinnes' caliber needed constantly tremendous working capital for the purchase of raw materials and for overhead expenses. With the sudden stabilization of the German paper mark in November, 1923, at the rate of 4 trillion, 200 billion paper marks to the dollar (4,20 gold marks) the German commercial and industrial interests discovered that although they were stupendously paper-rich, they were woefully gold-poor—that is, without sufficient of the new, stabilized marks with which to finance or refinance their undertakings. And, the Stinnes heirs soon saw themselves to be no exception to the acute situation.

What alternatives should the sons of Hugo Stinnes choose if they were to remain in business and continue to meet their huge obligations promptly? There were just two alternatives, and the Stinnes brothers were forced to resort first to the one and then to the other—the last resort, which is the climax of our story. They began with placing on the market certain holdings which could be considered as excess baggage to the organization. But with no real money to speak of in the country, bona fide German buyers were, of course, out of the question. So Hugo, Jr., and Edmund Stinnes were obliged to offer large slices of the estate to foreign buyers who readily accepted the property, but hardly at what might be deemed topnotch prices. The father, it will be recalled, had bought at a time when property was going begging for buyers, whereas the boys were forced to liquidate at a time when not *Sachwerte* but cash was in demand. Hence they sacrificed the choicest bits of property in Germany and elsewhere in order to keep from going into involuntary bankruptcy. It was simply another example of the old, old story: when a man is obliged to sell he seldom finds buyers on the open market who are willing to take his goods at anywhere near their true value.

The heirs were not long in learning, however, that to sell land and industries, piece by piece, in order to keep the main plants in operation, was not exactly in accordance with their original plan of "retaining the whole." But there still was that other alternative beckoning the brothers to "come in and let's talk it over," and it is now that we approach the last lap in our narrative.

During the critical days when the money stringency began in Germany, practically the only banks which were able and, moreover, willing to come to the assistance of the Stinnes in their plight were the following Jewish financial institutions: Mendelsohn & Co., Berlin; S. Bleichroeder, Berlin; Delbrueck, Schickler & Co., Berlin; M. Warburg, Hamburg; A. Levy, Cologne;

Solomon Oppenheim, Jr., & Co., Cologne; and Simon Hirschland, Essen, Germany. Thus for the loan of a few bags of coin, the House of Stinnes passed forever out of the control of the Stinnes family—into the waiting arms of the German-Jewish financiers!

Just how important a triumph of this nature was for the Semitic money-lenders in Germany may be gleaned from the fact that Hugo Stinnes, Sr., had always steadfastly refused to hobnob with these banking interests. His great organization was one of the very few German enterprises in which

still more cash, and in order to get it one block of perfectly good stock and one enterprise after the other was "deposited" as security with the money-lenders. Well and good, but is there anyone in all the world who would even so much as suppose that the sons of Hugo Stinnes will ever see their pawned assets again?

The German newspaper *Die Wahrheit*, which is not affiliated with the Jewish newspaper polyp of Germany, best summarizes our comments in the following paragraph which it published shortly after the first symptoms of the collapse of the Stinnes organization:

"The assertion which is frequently heard that the German banks have again recovered their pre-war influence with the breakdown of the Stinnes interests is certainly true. The House of Stinnes was obliged to surrender its accumulations to those who were able to hold out longest. The shares of stock have simply changed ownership. Stinnes' fortune was amassed at a time when our lesser merchants were sorely distressed financially, and only those who saw into the future were enabled by means of enormous credits to heap together fantastic material wealth for which in the end they paid only a few miserable pennies. To these 'wise and successful business men' also belonged Hugo Stinnes. But those mightier than he among the captains of finance in this country have become his heirs. And verily, these greater financiers did not emerge from out of the industrial elements which were associated with Hugo Stinnes; they came from the class of money-lenders—namely, from that group WHICH SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL HAS BEEN THE TRUE FINANCIAL POWER! Industrial capital is unable in the long run to compete with the speculative, manipulative financial bodies . . . One thing remains certain: German High Finance has won a tremendous victory!"



THE LATE HUGO STINNES.

Who was Germany's industrial colossus, and whose immense fortune eventually was sucked in by the alien money-brokers whom he had abhorred in life.

alien influence did not play a prominent rôle. It is a well-known fact that Stinnes held himself entirely aloof from Semitic influences or environment.

For this and other reasons he was treated very much as an outlaw among the orthodox financial rulers, who were in consequence jealous of his successes and of the fact that he did not avail himself of their aid or participation in his undertakings. Stinnes probably knew that he was an outlaw to these people, but none the less he fairly reveled in the knowledge that he, too, was a power to be reckoned with—a power which possessed well-nigh dictatorial potentialities. And yet, in spite of his knowledge that the Semitic elements in Germany were his enemies, Hugo Stinnes always refused to commit himself on the subject, preferring to show his sentiments by his works alone.

With the master organizer gone to his last reward, what could have been more natural than that the alien money brokers should lie in wait for the children of Hugo Stinnes, who, as they soon observed, were tenderfeet as compared with the renowned father. And, sure enough, one fine day the babes-in-the-woods appeared. They were in sore distress; they needed financial help, loans, and nothing else. They found the aliens Johnny-on-the-job to lend a helping hand.

As security, of course, the gracious money-lenders received Stinnes shares and Stinnes property, and the Stinnes family received funds sufficient to meet for a time its most pressing financial obligations—at more or less fancy rates of interest, sure enough! But somehow or other, before the Messrs. Stinnes knew it they had to have

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John Dos Passos—An Interview

(Concluded from page 2)

rolls forth at intervals from sources he scarcely remembers in the spaces between. It makes little seasons of prosperity, what there is left, after he showers portions of it about on unrelated people he dreams may need it. There are occasional royalty checks. And when there is almost nothing he eats frugally in dairy lunches or less. It is not a pose that he can live as happily without any money whatever as he can with sufficient for what we like to think are ordinary creature needs. It is a fact. He would cheerfully give you all the money and all "DOS" Does Some War Service With the Italians but the meager essentials of clothes he has if you needed them. In fact, he believes it is uncivilized not to share whatever one has as a matter of fact and humanity.

When Dos Passos—his few intimates call him "DOS"—was in Harvard, where he was graduated in 1916, he was editor of the *Harvard Monthly*. He idolized Dean LeBaron R. Briggs, like many another student. His later work bears the imprint of the Briggs influence. He lived in the several halls which have become known, through the land, as the historic halls of Harvard: Ware, Ridgely, Matthews, Thayer. He was a classmate of E. E. Cummings and a certain congeniality, which has endured between them, is understandable.

Dos Passos was born to fly off to the ends of the earth at short notice. He behaved in general according to form during preparatory school days and college, then the real Dos Passos began to show itself.

First it was the ambulance service in Italy. There are officials of the Italian Army who could tell a tale or two today about the way "that young devil named Dos Passos from the States" stirred things up in the ambulance service.

He had, among other things, a passion for visiting Verona. Verona was some distance from his billet, but what was distance when one was young and, moreover, had an ambulance to travel in? So it became a byword in the unit, "Dos has gone to Verona. Back when we see him." He would hurtle over the intervening miles over roads that at the time lay in an incredibly dangerous zone, park the ambulance in Verona before this or that door, make his visits, entertain himself and others, then fly back to his base in the ambulance. It is understandable that, at the first decent opportunity, Dos Passos was among those who were shifted, all officially and quite according to form in these matters, from the Italian service to an American unit. The Italian officers sighed with relief for the morale of their commands as they saw him go, laughing a little in spite of themselves. And underneath all the bizarre and brave bravado lay the kernel of *Three Soldiers*.

Dos Passos would say that the remainder of his war service was only a succession of this and that. Immediately at its conclusion he wrote *Three Soldiers*, was bitterly assailed on all sides, did not care, because he wrote what his conscience told him to write, and if his mind had been deep bitten by the acid of war, well, war was hell, and who could say it wasn't? So he cashed a royalty check absently and flew off to Europe again.

He discovered a desire to go to Persia.

Americans had not been going on tours in Armenia either since the Armistice. He would go there . . . and he would be the first tourist from America in Persia. So he went through Armenia to Teheran, Persia's capital. Then he crossed the desert from Bagdad to Damascus, with what he considered only half a native guide and with appallingly perspicacious bandits shooting at him from behind every twig. That they all missed him probably had nothing to do with their marksmanship. At Baalbek he sallied squarely into the midst of a dazed crowd of natives who gaped at him for a monstrosity, because they had understood they would see no tourists for ever so long.

Of course, Dos Passos had adventures on this strange journey. He will agree even now that it is not a sensible journey for a young man having relatives. But suddenly one day he was back in New York. And he told his publishers and the few who ran him down that not only had he no photographs to prove that he had taken, as he said, this crazy journey, but that he had quite forgotten whether he had been in peril during it, or had had exciting, narrow escapes. Thus he aroused a degree of disgust and infuriated disappointment in his hearers that satisfied even his exacting requirements for being left to his own devices.

It is difficult to pin Mr. Dos Passos down to theories of writing. One gathers he thinks the world is suffering from a plague of theories. He has a way of looking very wise and quite on the brink of saying

Does Not Call Ugly Things by Pretty Names something worth regarding, then of breaking off with, "Oh, but I'm bad at saying things. Let me see . . . hm.mm.mm.mm. Wait . . . I . . . No, no one would be interested in that. Ah . . . let me think . . ." He flops his long legs about, and grumbles softly like a pleased bear, as he thinks what to say. But he has a conscience, apart from his diffidence, and what he says he will do, he will do. He may make several false starts, due to what he calls, "the trash of blowing your own horn," but he will turn out ideas before he finishes.

And now Mr. Dos Passos feels that the theater, which has been in the ascendancy since the war, has started back toward the Elizabethan form wherein the audience had to keep its imagination busy, had to look alive in order to perceive the play at all.

Shakespeare took old plays and worked them over. How many were there in the Hamlet series?

Every new play being written now is one of a series, all elaborations of a single idea, being handed about from one playwright to another as popular, as, for example, *Beggar on Horseback*, *The Adding Machine*, *Roger Bloomer*, even Mr. Dos Passos' own *The Moon Is a Gong*. All founded on the same idea and made of ingredients that compel the observer to supply something, that precious quality of imagination without which the world must turn gray and dour.

Mr. Dos Passos does not agree with those who talk of the theater providing an outlet for mass emotion. Rot, he calls it. He thinks our industrial pattern has made life very complicated. He thinks the theater is a communal factor, figure, if you will, in the modern pattern. He thinks it draws the sympathies of peoples together, it cultivates solidarity and patience one with another, and that through transcription upon the stage of problems in which the sympathies of the audience are enlisted, there is the hope of the world becoming kinder, more civilized.

"The autumn leaves that this morning danced with the wind, curtseying in slow minuettes, giddily whirling in bacchanals, balancing, hesitant, tiptoe, while the wind whispered of distant hills, and clouds like white sails, sailing in limpid green ice-colored skies . . ."

It is that he has an urge in which sham has no place, nor misreading nor polite misinformations.

He believes the theater is a stage of transition. Between *Where the Films Fall Short of Theater* what Lady Ilden in Thomas Beer's *The Fair Rewards* called

"the Pinero rubbish," and the so-called drawing-room theater—the old idea of the library set and the fourth wall suddenly opening to admit the spectator—and something new, something more lively, less a fabrication. Phantasy he admits but it must go back and resolve itself into something basic. He believes the bluff of the theater has been called. The films have been found capable of securing better, more profuse pictorial effects than the stage. The section of theatrical invention that will survive, Mr. Dos Passos thinks, is that which the films cannot perpetuate. It is becoming the theater's function to put the audiences to work. It is a law of life that being a recipient obligates the individual. Then why should that law not be carried into the theater? Belasco has relieved his audiences of that obligation. They had no more to do, for instance, to create in their own minds an impression of the time of an incident, than to look at Mr. Belasco's carefully regulated clock on the wall. The screen has been doing the same sort of thing.

And now Mr. Dos Passos feels that the theater, which has been in the ascendancy since the war, has started back toward the Elizabethan form wherein the audience had to keep its imagination busy, had to look alive in order to perceive the play at all.

He is the author of a play and he has convictions about writing for the modern theater. Perhaps he has written more than one play. But this one has been played, semi-privately, by the Harvard Dramatic Club, produced by his friend, G. Edward Massey of whom he says, with a glow, "And you know no one in the world could have done it so well . . ." The play is called *The Moon Is a Gong*. It is a title very much in keeping with one side of Dos Passos. Fantastical. Sheer, poetic imagining. Philosophic, withal, in the midst of its pronounced modernistic fabric. It was within a few inches of being produced in New York but Dos Passos battled the producers over the title. He wanted it called *The Garbage Man*. In the play Death is symbolized by *The Garbage Man*, a figure who appears at intervals and removes all useless people from the scene. The figure and its name are in keeping with another aspect of Dos Passos, his feeling for realism. He does not believe in calling ugly things pretty names. He thinks we are apt to smother the truth too much. It is not that he sees only ugliness. It is not necessary even to say that about a man who wrote:

The Theater as an Agent in Civilization point the toe forward and downward with heel raised, an arched point, without stretching or reaching.

RAISE.—In this dance, "raise" means to raise the free foot, toe pointed to the

A Dance a Week



The Varsovienne: a Dance of Graceful Movements; Follow This Description Carefully, and You Can Dance It

(The photographs on this page were posed by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Lovett, Masters of Dancing at Dearborn.)

The Varsovienne (sometimes spelled "varsoviana") is perhaps the most attractive of the dances we have thus far described.

At Dearborn it is known as Mr. Henry Ford's favorite dance. He prefers it because it is restful.

It will be the last of the round dances to be described at this time. Next week we shall take up the old square dances.

The Varsovienne consists of two parts, each resembling the other. It is better to master the first part first, for having done so, most of the second part will be immediately clear.

It is perhaps better to learn the general movement without being too particular, during practice, of the "grace notes" in "raise" and "point." But when the general movement is mastered, these grace notes should be put in their place.

In this dance there are two movements called "point" and "raise" respectively.

POINT.—At "point" in the dance, gentleman and lady extend opposite feet, toe pointed to the floor, heel raised, each dancer looking straight at the point of his or her extended foot. This is illustrated in photograph 1 on this page. Unfortunately the photo does not show the arched foot—toe pointing to the floor, heel raised. It is a movement which comes naturally to all graceful people, once they know it.

Remember that all these movements are natural, and are not to be exaggerated. The most common error is to stretch the limb or foot. That is not the idea at all. Let the length of the step be natural. Do not take any step that tests your balance. Simply



"Pointing" as used to finish the movement, slide, close, step, point.

floor. This is illustrated in photograph 2. One of the "grace notes" of this motion is that it is accompanied by a raising and lowering of the heel of the foot on which you are standing. This is not at all involved or difficult, as an exact compliance with these directions will prove to you.

Repeat the same with the right foot, to right side.

R slide, L close, R raise; R slide, L close, R raise; R slide, L close, R step (to right side) and L point (left foot) to left side (4 bars).

SECOND PART.

Starting with the left foot, raised to left side, making a half turn each time.

(Raised left) slide, close, step, point (right foot) 2 bars.

(Raised right) slide, close, step, point (left foot) 2 bars.

(Raised left) slide, close, step, point (right foot) 2 bars.

(Raised right) slide, close, step, point (left foot) 2 bars.

Repeat all from the beginning. The second part may be executed by turning alternately to the right and left.

Another version of the Varsovienne is to reverse the order of the above dance by executing the movements of the second part first, and the first part last.



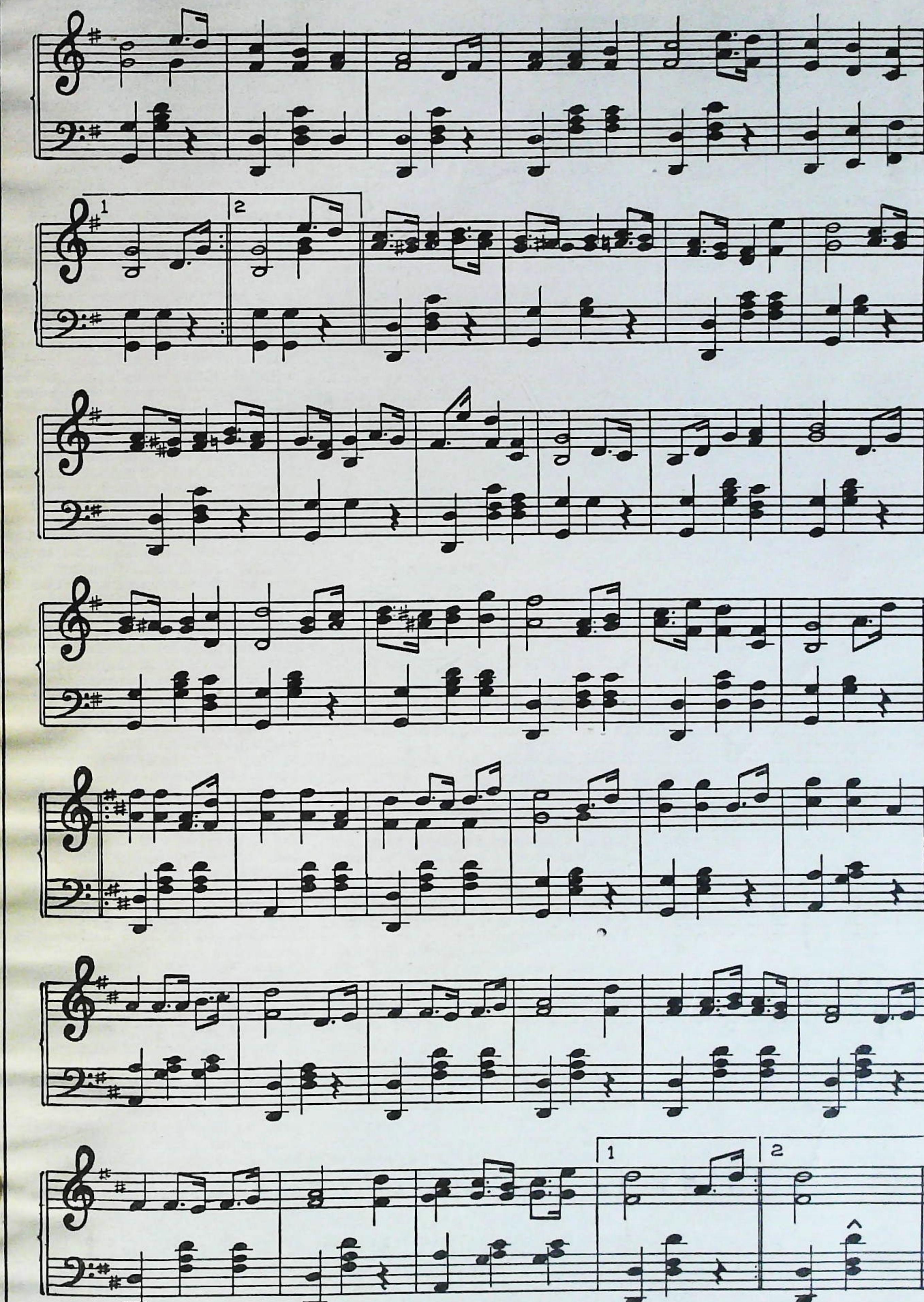
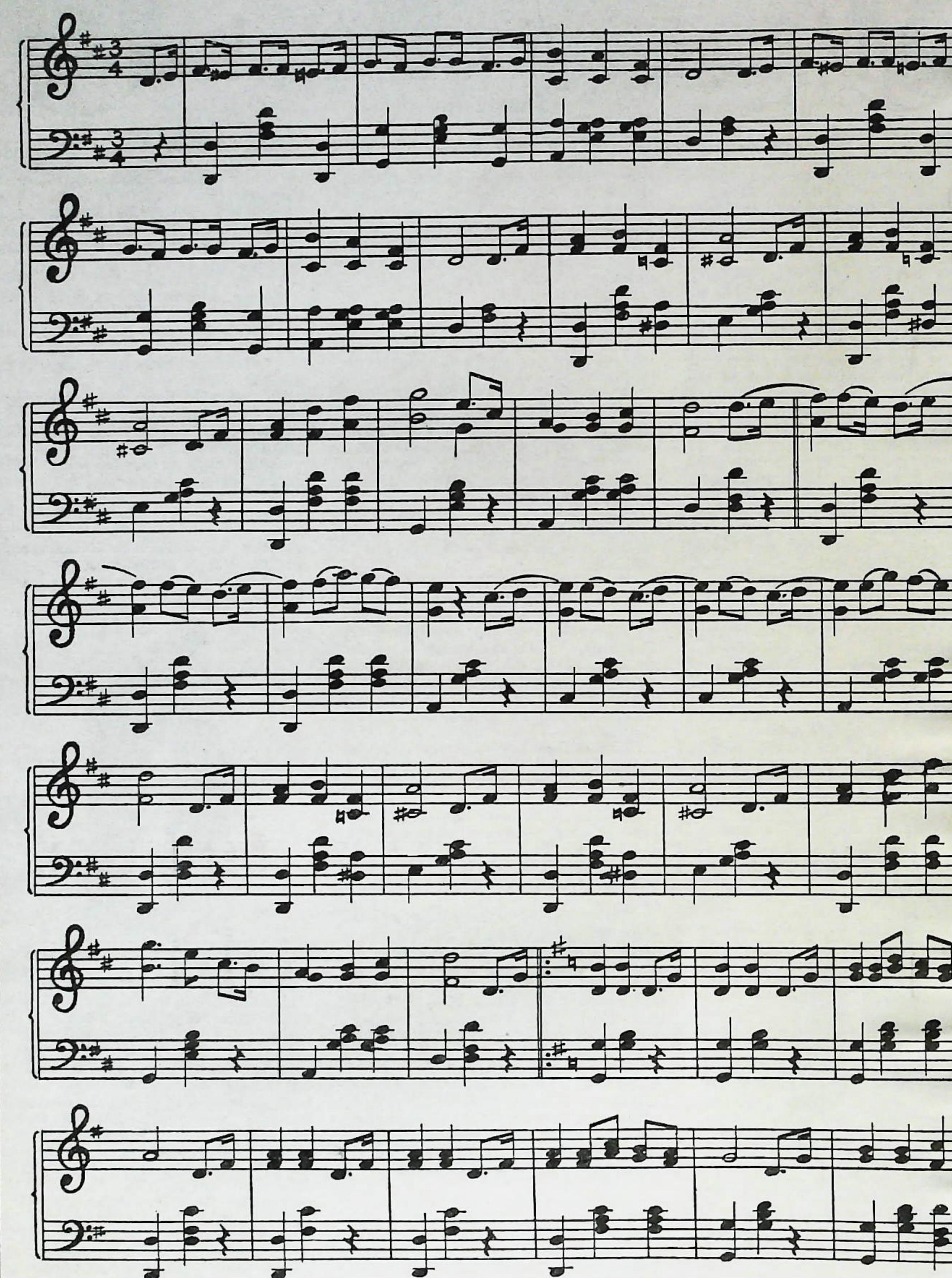
Starting the dance, foot slightly raised, ready for the slide.

It is the style that makes the dance. But the dance can get its style only from the dancer. Many dancers, especially learners, are impatient of style because they consider it an unnecessary ornament or affectation. This is a fundamental error, as will be readily perceived when finished dancing is compared with the careless or vulgar variety.

In the most finished dancing there will still be individuality of style. No two people do anything exactly alike. The length of step or the speed of movement may differ. So that a dancer must be able to fit his style to that of his partner, a thing easy to do with practice in dancing with many different persons. Dancers should favor one another as much as possible, but the gentleman will do the guiding.

VARSOVIENNE

MM—138





—that one woman in New York had the spiritual integrity to challenge the aspersions cast upon the dominant racial stock in the United States by such men as Louis Marshall and Walter Lippmann. I should like to lift my hat to the lady. Her name, according to the *New York Times*, is Mrs. Robert Wylie Lyle. She was attending a luncheon at the Hotel Astor where the proposed registration of aliens was discussed, and where most of the speakers seem to have been Jewish. No such meeting with such speakers is ever complete without the usual quota of insulting references to the Anglo-Saxon. It appears that in this instance the other Americans took it, as they usually do, without challenge. Jewish aspersions against Americans are never resented by so-called Americans in New York. Hence it has become quite a well-known Manhattan sport for the aliens to insult the natives to their faces. Much as a celebrated Jewish comedian flings asides at Jesus Christ in the Yiddish tongue, his "christian" audiences never guessing what he means.

It appears, however, that this Mrs. Lyle is made of other stuff. She arose and protested. And though the meeting seems to have included the Presbyterian church and the Y. M. C. A. among its sponsors—the other sponsoring societies being Jewish—this woman was the only one to protest. She spoke the truth when she said it was shameful that men like Lippmann and Marshall who attacked Anglo-Saxondom in the United States should go unrebuted.

—that when the fiddler comes to Glenisla—a clachan in the Scottish Highlands—he loves to think he is in the hub of a wheel, with the valleys for spokes. And he travels down a "spoke" each night to a farm, where the family gathers by the fire in the stone-flagged kitchen to listen to quaint and spirited music which years of practice have brought well-nigh to perfection. Once he has completed his tour he goes home, for his "leave" is short, and spends his leisure evenings in the enjoyment of his instrument himself.

Every glen looks forward to his visit, and the lamplight in the tiny window heralds his approach. It is also the signal for people to call, and merry is the throng before the night is out. Impatient hands help take the fiddle from its case, and the fiddler with little ado strikes up a tune in quick time.

This frequently rouses the family to such a degree of enthusiasm that the rafters shake and the dishes sidle precariously near the edge of the shelves. It is then the fire brightens, faces grow redder. There is no time for intervals. Soon the kitchen is awirl with merry feet and joyous shouts.

How gayly the lads and lassies join in the dance! Take your partners, curtsy, bow; cross and recross, step and turn; first the right foot, then the left; swing and turn and swing again. Dust rises from the floor. The chairs are moved; the table is pushed back. More room is needed.

And when the vigorous strains of the

dance cease, the floor, once occupied by furniture, is an empty space, with the fiddler in one corner mopping his brow and chuckling audibly. A country audience isn't a critical audience. Rhythm and volume are essential, and quality of tone and correctness of pitch are but secondary considerations.

For a reel, the fiddler's preference is "The Miller o' Hirn"; for a Highland schottische (pronounced Settische) "Stirling Castle," and when he plays them the lamp seems to blink in sheer delight. But his evenings are not always bright and gay—there is a sentimental aspect which he would not forgo.

On sheep farm, a woman who has seen the summer's sun come and go for many years looks forward to the visit of the fiddler. For she dwells in the past, and longs to relive a happy evening when her sweetheart—the pride of the village—played "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," as she never heard it played before.

Few people realize that the fiddler is a composer. Draw him into conversation and he will tell you how one of his famous tunes originated. He was sitting on the stump of a tree, lost to the world. It was noon, and the other foresters were idling nearby.

Suddenly he burst from his reverie, reached for the nearest branch, and putting an end of it in his mouth like a chanter played a tune with great gusto, beating time with his foot as if nailing the notes into the moss to make an impressionable record of them.

His composition bore a strange title, "The Fiery Pans"—strange only if you did not know that his eyes rested upon the bracken-covered hill of that name when the melody first seized him. The tune was a polka, and although reputed to be original there was much of it for which an earlier composer could take credit.

—that C. W. Barron, the best-known financial writer and editor that America has produced, says:

"The crude rubber situation with England and Holland is most interesting. We started the automobile industry when rubber was \$1 a pound, and \$2 a pound will not halt the automobile industry in this country."

"Rubber probably will sell lower this year, perhaps as low as 50 or 60 cents a pound, whereas in three or four years' time, with prosperity in the United States, rubber is likely to be nearer \$2 a pound than \$1 and this in spite of anything that Washington or individual corporations can do or say about it. It takes six years, at least, to grow a rubber tree to a size where it may be counted upon to yield rubber gum.

"The world has not enough rubber trees even to meet the regular 10 per cent increase in the output of motor tires in this country, to say nothing about the rest of the world. England is doubling her motor car output and at the end of next year will be manufacturing twice as many automobiles as this year."

Romantic Rascals

(Concluded from page 14)

tiveness. So at least it appeared to the man in the street, and Wilkes fostered the idea of organized aristocracy plotting his ruin.

"In the whole progress of ministerial vengeance against me for several years," he said in a speech, "I have shown to the conviction of all mankind that my enemies have trampled on the laws, and have been actuated by the spirit of tyranny and arbitrary power." Time and time again he was elected to Parliament and as often was refused his seat on the technicality of his being an outlaw and guilty of sedition.

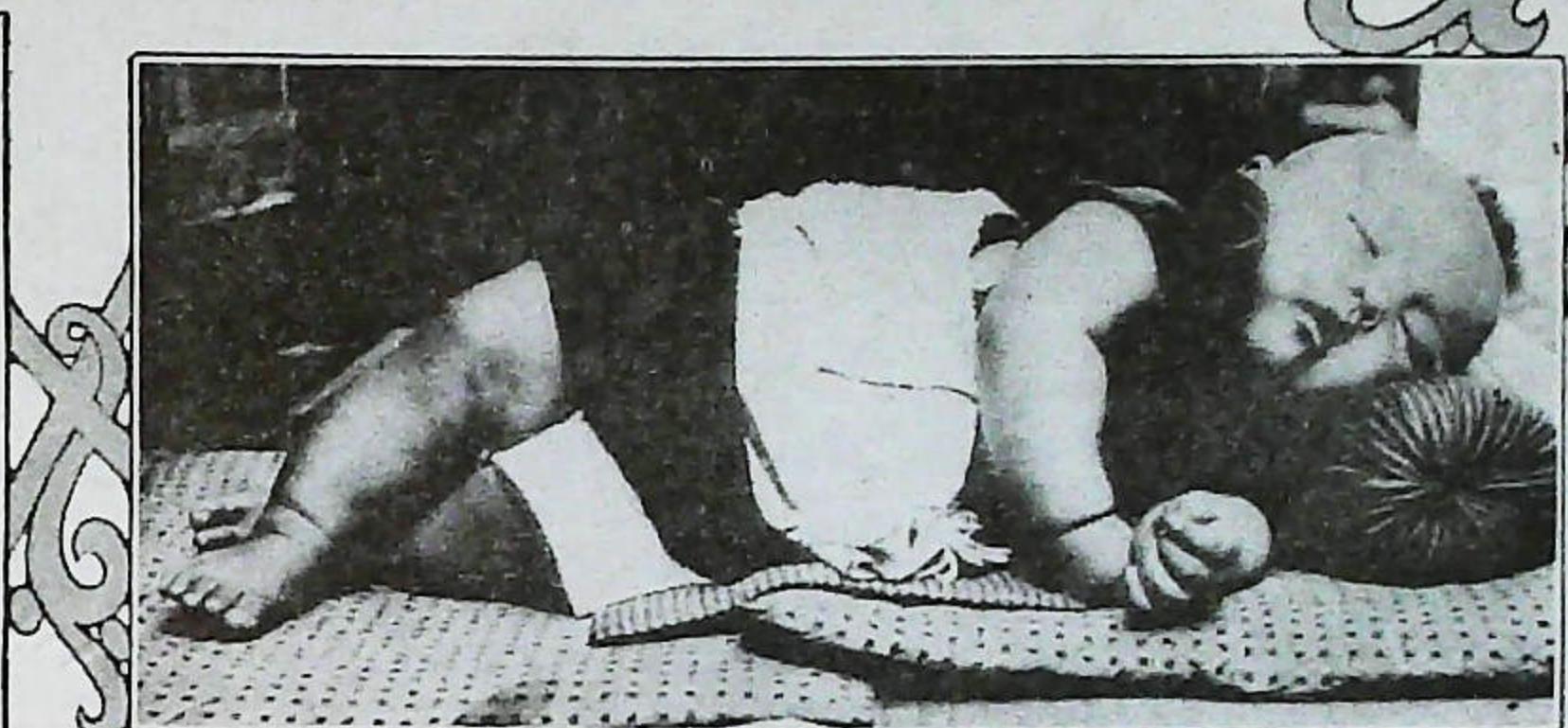
At last technicalities were cleared away and the trial on the original charge was heard. With great dexterity Wilkes kept up the martyr-hero pose, standing as one ready to die for the public good, a knight bright and shining grappling with the menacing monster that would throttle human freedom. And the million shouted louder and louder for "Wilkes and Liberty."

Not only shouted, but fought and died. April 27, 1768, when Wilkes appeared at the Court of King's Bench and bail was refused on the ground of his outlawry, the mob overcame guards and soldiers, removed the horses from the vehicle in which he was being taken to the prison, and dragged him about the streets. Officers had to fight savagely against people then, and, for his own protection and security, Wilkes fled by back ways to the jail.

The next day and the next night Wilkites seemed to be in possession of all London. The tumultuous shouting broke in on the court and there was spasmodic struggling at first, as mounted soldiers tried to disperse the crowd. All that nebulous disorder soon resolved itself into something definite, and the oaken fence about courthouse and prison went up in flames. There was firing and men fell dead, so, for the time, the paroxysm passed. But madness was in the mob.

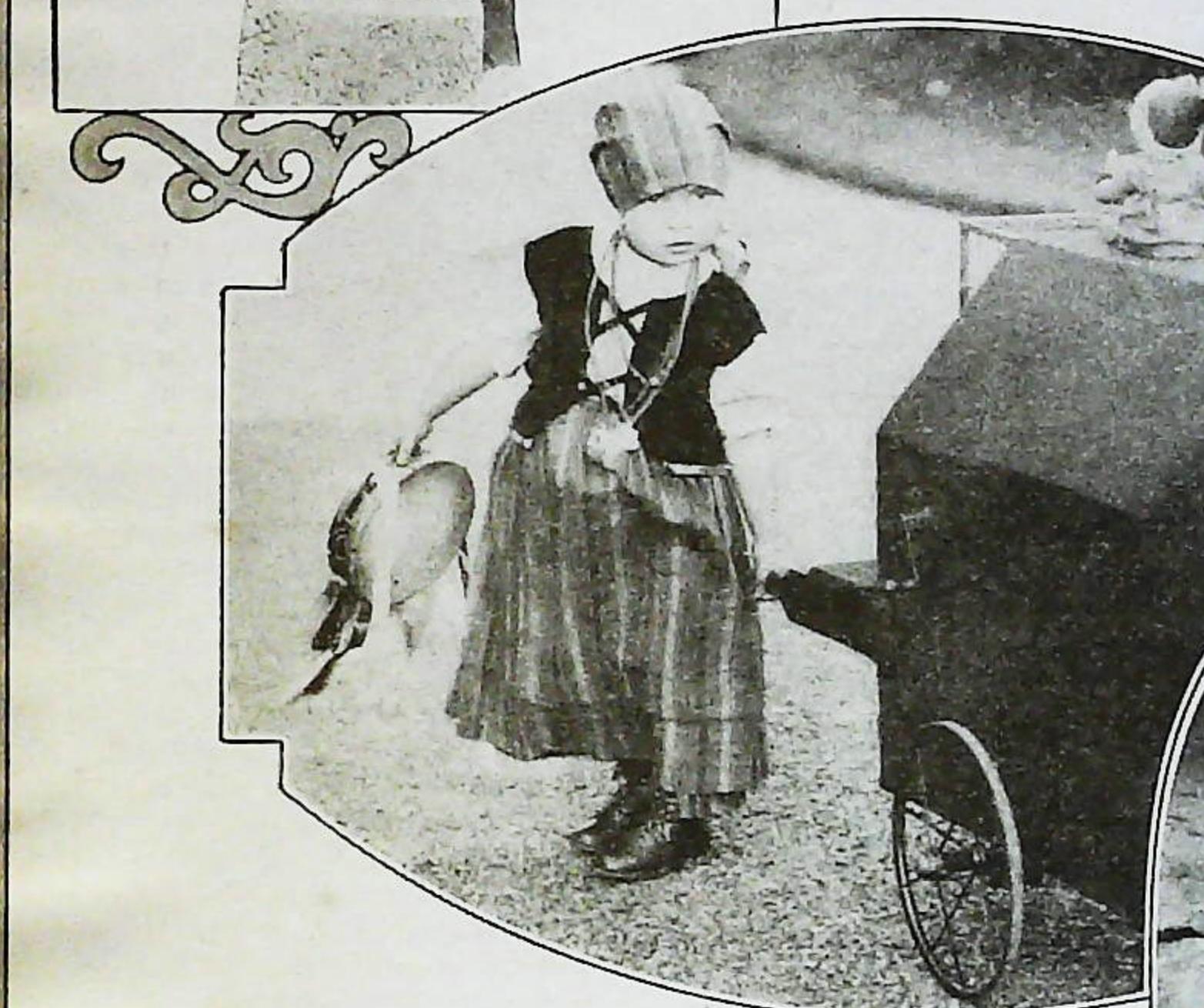
Soon weavers, tailors, sawyers, laborers left their occupations and stormed government buildings, demanding their "Rights" and shouting for "Wilkes and Liberty." A body of sailors, catching the infection, marched many thousand strong to Westminster with their petition for "Relief of Grievances," then paraded to Limehouse where they boarded outgoing ships, seized the crews and tied up the vessels. Elsewhere in the country, dreamers and demagogues did their work, talking of persecution and conspiracy, so that outbreak followed outbreak with astonishing rapidity and the sentimentality which hypnotizes the crowd bore plentiful fruit. The madness reached its height when the result of the trial became known and it was learned that for the editorial in the *North Briton* charging the king with untruthfulness Wilkes was fined five hundred pounds and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with a further fine of five hundred pounds and twelve months' imprisonment for the obscene pamphlet.

The public forgot its hero with astonishing rapidity, and Wilkes, being in time free, took his place in office and revealed neither special enlightenment nor exceptional wisdom. There is just one illuminating picture in which royalty and demagogue is shown with touching orbits. George III having expressed a wish to see "that rascal Wilkes" was gratified, and Wilkes assured the king that he had never been a Wilkite.



ABOVE—Japan asleep.

Upper left—Bread. This youngster of rural France is taking home a loaf nearly as large as he is. It is built on the general principles of the balloon tire (in shape at least) and will last the family a week.



Left—Music. She plays the organ, sings, and dances for the entertainment of carnival crowds, does this little Welsh miss, but in spite of her accomplishments her doll, perched atop the organ, appeals to her most of all.



Happy Childhood— The World O'er

Right—Curiosity. This tousled-headed, round-eyed gamin is typical of the slums of Mexico City. He is dirty, and thoroughly happy.



London Bridge is falling down—in Holland. And the children of The Netherlands, all decked out in the traditional garb of their country, have as much fun at the ancient game as their English cousins.

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I HOLD that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

—Lincoln's First Inaugural Address.